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Miss SIDNEY BIDULPH,

Extracted from

HER OWN JOURNAL,

And now First Published.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

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MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs SIDNEY BIDULET

Translated from

HER OWN JOURNAL



VOL. III.

The Second Edition

REVISED

BY

J. D.

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LONDON:

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MEMOIRS

OF

MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH.

June 22.



NOW send you, my Cecilia, my second Letter to Mr. Faulkland.

“Why do you compel me,
“Sir, a noble and disinterested as your conduct has been towards me, to accuse you

‘ now of unkindness? You call me insen-
‘ sible—oh! it is from my two great sensi-
‘ bility that all my sorrows have sprung.
‘ Destitute as I am of happiness myself, or
‘ even of a possibility of ever attaining it
‘ here, I look for no other comfort in this
‘ life, but what must arise from seeing those
‘ whom I most esteem in possession of that
‘ tranquillity of mind, which I can never
‘ hope to enjoy. If Mr. Faulkland were
‘ happy, if Miss Burchell were happy, I
‘ should be less miserable. Remember, Sir,
‘ it was not this lady’s fault that you were
‘ disappointed in your former hope. She
‘ did not try, by female wiles, to engage
‘ a heart which you refused her. She used
‘ no ungenerous arts to cross your wishes.
‘ Loving you, as she did, almost to distrac-
‘ tion, she yielded you up in silent anguish
‘ to a rival; a rival superior to herself in no-
‘ thing. I acknowledge, Sir, I was to have
‘ been yours, and with my own consent;
‘ but was it not also with my own consent
‘ those bonds were cancelled, by which we
‘ were to have been united? I was then
‘ convinced Miss Burchell had a prior
‘ claim;

Miss Sidney Bidulph.

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‘ claim; I think so still, and ever shall.
‘ Miss Burchell’s family is not mean, her
‘ fortune is considerable; her beauty and
‘ personal accomplishments inferior to none;
‘ and, but for Mr. Faulkland, she had been
‘ innocent. Yet do not imagine I would
‘ aggravate your fault; Miss Burchell’s can-
‘ dor could not suffer this. How charming-
‘ ly ingenuous was her confession! In the
‘ midst of tears and blushes, she owned her
‘ weakness; you, she said, were not to
‘ blame. She praised your generosity, your
‘ compassion, the integrity and frankness of
‘ your whole behaviour towards her; and
‘ could Miss Burchell’s suffrage have
‘ ensured to you the completion of your
‘ wishes, Mr. Faulkland would have been
‘ indebted to her for what he once thought
‘ his happiness. But though her testimony
‘ could not avail you in that particular, yet
‘ are your obligations to her the same. Does
‘ not then Miss Burchell love Mr. Faulk-
‘ land with a generosity equal to his own?
‘ Do years of fervent and unalterable affec-
‘ tion deserve no return? Does the child,
‘ the dear innocent that calls you father, de-

‘ serve no consideration? He bears your
‘ name, Sir; let him not blush to own it :
‘ he may one day be an honour and a com-
‘ fort to you. Put it in his power to make
‘ it his boast, instead of his shame, that Mr.
‘ Faulkland was his Father. The amiable
‘ lady, whose very life is bound up in you,
‘ has, in the midst of her affliction, one
‘ great source of comfort; her character has
‘ escaped the malignity of cruel tongues,
‘ by the privacy with which she conducted
‘ her measures, till after the birth of your
‘ son. The retirement she has since lived
‘ in; her prudent, her modest, her exem-
‘ plary conduct, have created esteem in e-
‘ very body that knows her; this circum-
‘ stance, as it is a peculiar felicity to her-
‘ self, so ought it to be a motive of encou-
‘ ragement to you, Sir, to compleat her
‘ happiness. The false-judging part of the
‘ world will have nothing to point at; Miss
‘ Burchell’s relation, or even connection
‘ with Mrs. Gerrarde is hardly known here;
‘ she has had no correspondence with that ir-
‘ regular woman since she became a widow;
‘ and her character had not suffered before,
‘ in

‘ in such a manner, as to reflect dishonour
‘ on the young lady, who was then under
‘ her care. How then can you persist in a
‘ cruel rejection of this lady? You own she
‘ is amiable; I am sure she has a thousand
‘ good qualities. Is her love for you, her
‘ unparalleled love, to be imputed to her
‘ as a crime? If it be one, long and bitter
‘ has been her punishment! On you it rests
‘ to recompence her sufferings. What may
‘ you not expect from a grateful heart: that
‘ worships you? Such a fervent, such a
‘ faithful love (deserving as you are) you
‘ perhaps may never again meet with in
‘ woman. With her you may be happy,
‘ she will make it the whole study of her
‘ life to render you so. Your own heart,
‘ conscious of having acted nobly, will
‘ confirm your happiness. Would to God
‘ I could inspire you with such sentiments
‘ as would induce you to make the generous
‘ experiment! How would your character rise
‘ in the esteem of the two persons whom you
‘ profess to revere! How would you be ad-
‘ ored by the amiable sufferer! but above
‘ all, how delightful must be the exultations

‘ of the self-approving mind! There wants
 ‘ but this act to render you the most de-
 ‘ serving of men. I would fain esteem,
 ‘ respect, admire you as I ought; but you
 ‘ will not let me: you will be a *common*
 ‘ man, and undistinguished amongst the
 ‘ light ones of your sex.’

I shewed this letter to Miss Burchell; she read it with grateful tears running down her cheeks. In about an hour I received the following answer to it.

‘ Miss Burchell may triumph, Madam,
 ‘ since she has obtained *you* for her advo-
 ‘ cate. Well have you acquitted yourself
 ‘ of the task your rigid heart has underta-
 ‘ ken. I thank the lady for the justice her
 ‘ charming ingenuousness (as you rightly
 ‘ call it) has done me. But what have I
 ‘ gained by this? Have I not raised the fair
 ‘ complainant still higher in your esteem,
 ‘ given her a stronger claim to your pity,
 ‘ and furnished you with arms against my-
 ‘ self? Wretch that I am, I do, I must ac-
 ‘ knowledge the force of every thing that
 ‘ you

Miss Sidney Bidulph.

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‘you have urged. Miss Burchell is amia-
‘ble, her sincerity, her constancy and (by
‘me) unmerited love, deserve to be great-
‘ly recompenced. I would to heaven I
‘had a heart to give her ! but I have not ;
‘you know I have not ; *she* knows it too.
‘Could I have made Miss Burchell the re-
‘turn she deserves, I would not thus long
‘have shunned her presence. I acknow-
‘ledged the state of my heart to her even
‘at the time I had lost all hopes of posses-
‘sing you. And in the spite of my own
‘struggles, after years of confirmed despair,
‘I found myself still enslaved. How then
‘could I offer a hand, devoted as my whole
‘soul was to another object, to a lady,
‘whose constant, tender, and delicate af-
‘fection, demanded all the return that a
‘sensible and grateful heart could make ?
‘This, Madam, is all the plea I can urge
‘in answer to those arguments you offer to
‘promote your favourite wish. Consult
‘your own delicacy, let Miss Burchell con-
‘sult hers, and then perhaps I shall stand
‘acquitted of ingratitude.

' I hoped, Madam, that cleared as I have
 ' been of *one* imputation, I might have re-
 ' covered some favour in your's and Lady
 ' Bidulph's thoughts. I was flattered with
 ' this consolation, small as it was, when e-
 ' very other hope forsook me. But when
 ' an unexpected event again brought hap-
 ' piness within my prospect, this reflection,
 ' I own, became of more importance, and
 ' served to strengthen my then revived
 ' hopes. But you dash them with an unre-
 ' lenting hand; and again build up those
 ' barriers between us, that heaven itself had
 ' overthrown. What can I say to you, in-
 ' flexible as you are? has Miss Burchell *all*
 ' your pity? You may command my life,
 ' Madam; I would lay it down freely for
 ' you; but I cannot, must not, will not
 ' give up my love; and till you declare in
 ' express terms that I *must* be miserable, I
 ' will not even give up my hope.

' ORLANDO FAULKLAND.'

See, my Cecilia, the heart I have to
 deal with. Hard to be subdued, and ob-
 stinate

Miss Sidney Bidulph.

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stinate in all its purposes. I expected difficulties, but was in hopes he would be less determined in regard to his perseverance towards me. I think however I have gained some ground; he acknowledges *Miss* Burchell's merit, and seems obliged to her for the part she has acted towards him. I have been under some difficulties on this occasion; for as *Miss* Burchell was not so candid in her acknowledgments to my mother as she has been to me, I cannot let her know the whole of her confession; for this reason, I only told her the general purport of what I wrote last to Mr. Faulkland; and in reading his answer to her, I passed over such passages as I thought might induce her to require an explanation. I own I am a little hurt at *Miss* Burchell's former perverting of facts on this occasion; but, as I have already said more than once, there are great allowances to be made for one in her very critical situation. Neither have I the least right to reproach her for it even in my thoughts; for had she been ever so explicit at my mother's first interview with her, it could not have availed me.

You

You find, my dear, it is necessary I should speak plainly to Mr. Faulkland. I shall write to him again, and here you shall have a copy of what I say; but I must lead this violent spirit with gentleness, and endeavour to convince his reason, without wounding his tenderness.

Mrs. Arnold's third letter to Mr. Faulkland.

' You give me pleasure, Sir; I begin
' to descry hopes for your and my amiable
' friend. I know such a heart as Mr.
' Faulkland's cannot be proof against senti-
' ments of gratitude and compassion; it
' will not be difficult to convert those senti-
' ments into love, when the object is so de-
' serving. Try, Sir, try; the experiment
' cannot fail. How much to your honour
' will so noble a triumph be over an ill-
' fated passion! What delightful returns
' may you not expect from the obliged,
' the grateful partner of your happiness!
' Do not call me inflexible, or rigid; filled
' as I am with gratitude, and a sense of
' your merit, I should hate myself if I did
' not

‘ not acknowledge that you deserve more
‘ from me than it can ever be in my power
‘ to repay. I must be plain with you, since
‘ you require it ; it is impossible I ever can
‘ be yours. Sorry I am, that the necessity
‘ of circumstances compels me to make so
‘ early a declaration, from which I thought
‘ my present situation would have exempt-
‘ ed me ; but I forgive you, Sir, for urging
‘ me on this head, and draw a happy pre-
‘ sage from your resting your hopes in rela-
‘ tion to me, on my own determination.
‘ You appeal to my delicacy, whether you
‘ ought, with a heart estranged, to offer
‘ your hand to Miss Burchell ? Were deli-
‘ cacy alone to be consulted, the answer
‘ perhaps might be easy ; but there are su-
‘ perior considerations in your case to be
‘ taken in. Love, without doubt, demands
‘ love in return ; but where injured honour
‘ is to be repaired, where the disgrace of a
‘ darling child is to be prevented, those ni-
‘ cer sentiments of the soul must and ought
‘ to give way ; and I will venture to pro-
‘ nounce, that Miss Burchell would, with
‘ raptures, receive the hand which would
‘ confer

confer such valuable blessings on her; leaving it to time, and her own unremitting tenderness and assiduity, to get an interest in the heart, which, by such an act, proved its own rectitude. On this subject, I, from experience, am qualified to speak. You know, Sir, the interest you once had in me; you cannot think me so light a creature, as to suppose I so soon after my breaking with you, bestowed my affections on another. I did not; obedience to my mother's commands was the sole motive which engaged my vows to Mr. Arnold; and I married him with no other sentiments, than those of esteem and gratitude for the great love he bore me. Yet from these seeds sown in my heart, sprung a tender and ardent affection: never did wife love a husband better than I did Mr. Arnold; his kindness merited, and *did* win my whole affections; nor could a temporary alienation of *his* heart, dispossess him of the place he held in *mine*. His returning love (for which, with all thankfulness, I own myself bound to you, Sir) made him still dearer to me
than

‘ than ever, and I now profess myself wed-
‘ ded to his memory. You have a right,
‘ Sir, to expect that I should explain my-
‘ self at once to you on this subject; for
‘ your own sake, and for Miss Burchell’s,
‘ I must not suffer you to entertain a doubt
‘ of my resolution. You compel me to re-
‘ peat, that I think Miss Burchell deserves
‘ your love, and has a just right to your
‘ hand. She throws herself upon your
‘ honour, without pretending to have any
‘ *lawful* claim; if she *had*, I should not
‘ condescend to solicit the man who could
‘ refuse to do her justice.

‘ My mother is firm in her first resolves;
‘ could you place a crown on my head, her
‘ integrity would still oblige her to reject
‘ it; nor would a crown tempt me to for-
‘ feit the duty which I owe to her.

‘ See then, Sir, if that *unexpected event*,
‘ which you mention (a fatal event to me!),
‘ has brought you nearer to your wishes;
‘ and here let me add, in justice to my
‘ own particular sentiments, that I think
‘ Mr. Faulkland is the last man who
‘ ought to be my choice, even if my heart
‘ were

‘ were disposed to make one. Reproach
‘ me not with ingratitude, or caprice, till I
‘ have explained myself. It is not long,
‘ Sir (blameless and unconscious as you
‘ were of the injury, and nobly as you re-
‘ paired it) since you were the cause of a
‘ separation between me and my husband.
‘ I know you will say that our mutual in-
‘ nocence on this occasion, and the secret’s
‘ being known but to a few of our friends,
‘ make that objection of little weight. I grant
‘ you, with many it might be so; all minds
‘ are not equally susceptible; ’tis my unhappi-
‘ ness to have a too resenting heart. My
‘ own honour (scrupulous you may call it)
‘ would not suffer me to let the man suc-
‘ ceed Mr. Arnold in my love, who was
‘ the occasion of so much uneasiness to
‘ him, and the cause of my being suspect-
‘ ed in my fidelity. Would it not be an
‘ insult on his memory? Oh, Sir, what is
‘ the world’s opinion to the approbation of
‘ our own hearts! mine has never yet re-
‘ proached me, and this has been my sup-
‘ port in all my trials. Thus much I say
‘ for the reverence I bear my dear Mr. Ar-
‘ nold’s

‘ nold’s memory : but I have other reasons
‘ to offer in my excuse ; refinements you
‘ will call them, but my heart feels their
‘ force. I am not the same woman whom
‘ you once loved ; afflictions have impaired
‘ my health, and those little advantages of
‘ person which nature bestowed on me,
‘ have not been improved by time ; my
‘ spirits, broken by misfortunes, have left
‘ me languid and insensible to joy. Peace
‘ is the utmost of my wish, and all that I
‘ am now capable of relishing. The bride,
‘ whom Mr. Faulkland once sought, was
‘ in the bloom of youth, admired and ca-
‘ ressed, by a flattering world ; unblemished
‘ in her character, her fortune equal to her
‘ wishes : her heart, her virgin heart, was
‘ then a present (with pride let me say it)
‘ worthy of any man’s acceptance. It was
‘ then in her power to bestow happiness,
‘ and Mr. Faulkland would not have been
‘ matched unequally. But the scene is
‘ changed ; what should I now bring to
‘ your arms ? A person faded by grief ; a
‘ reputation (though undeservedly) once
‘ called in question ; a little helpless fami-
‘ ly

‘ly without fortune; a widowed heart,
‘dead to love and incapable of pleasure.
‘Oh, Sir! could I bear to be your wife
‘on such conditions? Indebted to you as
‘I am, past a possibility of my ever making
‘you a return, to what a mighty sum
‘would you raise the obligation? How
‘poor would you make me in my own
‘eyes? Humbled as I am by adversity,
‘my soul has still too much pride, or let
‘me call it delicacy, to submit to this.
‘No, if there was no Miss Burchell in the
‘world, no parental sway to guide me, in
‘my present circumstances, I never would
‘be yours.

‘You have now before you my final de-
‘termination. I shall trouble you no more
‘on the subject. If your heart relents to-
‘wards Miss Burchell, great will be your
‘reward. In her you are sure of a tender,
‘faithful, and charming friend; who will
‘more than repay every act of kindness to-
‘wards her; and he who is the author of
‘justice and mercy will not fail to bless
‘you.

‘I am, &c.

Me-

Methinks, my dear friend, I have now eased my heart of a load that oppressed it. What can I say more? Mr. Faulkland now knows my determined purpose in regard to myself; and if he is not quite insensible, I think Miss Burchell must at last obtain the wish of her soul. Oh, my Cecilia, I would not have my heart devoured by such a flame as her's, for the whole world. But have I not acted as I should do? I hope I have; I feel satisfied with my own conduct, and I never yet found that to be the case when I acted wrong. There are some nice points, in which our own hearts are the best, as well as the most impartial judges. If Mr. Faulkland persists in rejecting poor Miss Burchell, I can urge him no farther; but I am determined not to see him.

June 25.—How uneasy has been my suspense these three days! I question if Miss Burchell's is much greater. No answer from this strange man; perhaps he is flown off again.—No, I wrong him, a letter

ter is this minute brought up to me from him.—Read it, read it, my beloved, and congratulate me.

‘ You were born to conquer, Madam;
‘ what is there that you cannot effect?
‘ My heart was made for you, and you can
‘ mould it as you please. Enjoy your tri-
‘ umph, if it be one. I will receive Miss
‘ Burchell as *your* gift; and since I can-
‘ not obtain your love, I will at least com-
‘ pel your esteem. Why should *your* ge-
‘ nerosity, *your* compassion for an unhap-
‘ py lady, to whom you have no obli-
‘ gation, exceed that of a man who owns
‘ himself bound to her in gratitude? If with
‘ I could repay her the debt of love I owe
‘ her, but I will try to repair my fault
‘ hereafter; and in her gentle bosom per-
‘ haps I may recover that peace, to which
‘ I have been so long a stranger. She will
‘ forgive the waywardness of a heart, which
‘ never disguised its anguish to her; and
‘ which she knows has been torn by a fatal
‘ passion, that, like a cruel disease, was not
‘ either to be resisted or subdued. But
‘ thanks

‘ thanks to you, Madam, I think I begin
‘ to feel my cure approaching. Miss Bur-
‘ chell’s tenderness will finish what you
‘ have begun. You shall never reproach
‘ me more; if I *ever* had an interest in
‘ your heart, I will not forfeit it now, but
‘ make that proud heart acknowledge, spite
‘ of itself, that Faulkland was not unworthy
‘ of it.’

Ha! my Cecilia, what do you say to my Orlando now? *My* Orlando let me this once call him. Has he not a noble mind? Happy! happy Miss Burchell! you are at length arrived to the summit of your wishes. Long may you enjoy them, and may you make your love as blest as he deserves to be! My mother clasped her hands together in joy, when I read this letter to her. God bless him, God bless him, said she; he is now indeed a righteous man. How rejoiced I am, my dear, that I have been the means of bringing about this so-much-wished-for event. And yet, methinks, if I were in Miss Burchell’s place, though my heart doated on the man to death,

death, I could not receive him on such terms. He accepts her as *my* gift; it is to raise himself in *my* esteem, he does her justice: Nay, I think the assuming man seems to insinuate a sort of superiority over me, by this concession. Why let it be so, I shall be content in my humiliation, if *my* gift will restore him to his peace. If it does, which I pray heaven it may, ought he not to think himself indebted to me?

I think I should not let Miss Burchell see this last letter; he does not consent with a good grace; and it may damp her joy. Though, upon second thoughts, I question whether she has delicacy enough to be much affected by this circumstance. —

I am saved the trouble of observing any decorum towards Miss Burchell. She has been just here, wild with transport; and was several minutes in the room before I could get her to speak coherently. She had received a letter from Mr. Faulkland, written by his own angelic hand, she said. She made no difficulty of leaving it with me, and here it is.

Mr.

Mr. Faulkland's letter to Miss Burchell.

' Is it possible, Madam, that I can still
' be dear to you, careless and remiss as I
' have been towards you, since you first ho-
' noured me with your affection? If you
' can forgive this, I am ready to offer you
' my hand; and hope, by devoting my fu-
' ture days to you, to make you amends
' for those years, during which (deserving
' as you are) I have withheld that heart
' which was your due.

' I never had any merit towards you but
' my sincerity; and I will not now give up
' that virtue to arrogate to myself another
' to which I have no title. I own to you,
' Madam, that it is to Mrs. Arnold's su-
' perior prudence, and nice honour, I am
' beholden for being brought to a just sense
' of your worth, and my own obligations
' to you. If you will give me leave to at-
' tend you this afternoon, you will receive
' a man filled with sentiments of gratitude
' and esteem for you, and who is determi-
' ned, by his future conduct, to deserve
' a continuance of your love.

I am, &c.

I con.

I congratulated Miss Burchell (after reading this letter) on her approaching felicity. She had not words to express her acknowledgements to me. The service I had rendered her was indeed to her a most important one; and there are some occasions where *words* are of no use; Miss Burchell can be eloquent without them. She embraced me a thousand times, and wept in tender transport on my neck.

My mother is as much delighted at this happy event, as if it immediately concerned her own welfare. She recommended it to Miss Burchell, to have her little boy with her when Mr. Faulkland came to visit her. It seems he has not seen the child since his last return to England: he did not care to go to the house where it was boarded, for fear of drawing any observation on himself to Miss Burchell's prejudice; and the people never permitted the child to be taken abroad by any one but Miss Burchell (who passes for its aunt) or Mr. Faulkland's house-keeper; but this good woman, heppening to be sick
when

when he came to town, Mr. Faulkland had not an opportunity of sending for it.

Miss Burchell greatly approved of the motion, and flew from us to prepare for this so-much desired interview.

And now, my Cecilia, do you not think Mr. Faulkland has proved himself a disinterested (lover shall I say) of your Sidney? Indeed he has given a noble testimony of his esteem and deference for me, as well as he formerly did of his affection. If Miss Burchell does not render herself worthy of him, how I shall hate myself for having brought about this union! But she loves him too ardently, and is herself too lovely, not to get possession of his heart, when it becomes his duty, as well as his interest, to give it up to her. All acquaintance between her and me, must now cease: for her sake, as well as Mr. Faulkland's, this will be necessary; my presence may disturb, but never can contribute to the tranquillity of either of them.

June 26.— Miss Burchell was in too much haste to communicate her joy to us, to de-
4 fer

fer the giving an account of what passed between her and Mr. Faulkland yesterday evening. She hurried to us last night, at almost ten o'clock.

He came to her house, she said, at six; the hour she had appointed him; and looked *so* enchantingly. She herself was dressed out very elegantly to receive him, and I thought looked really charming; her countenance was so lightened up with joy, that she did not appear the same woman.

She had endeavoured, she said, to compose herself for this interview, and had tried to assume something of dignity; but it all vanished when her conqueror approached, and the tumult of her heart so intirely banished all recollection, and presence of mind, that she was not able to tell me in what manner she received him. She only knows, she says, that having snatched up her little boy, who stood by her and hung on her gown, she put him into his father's arms, and bidding the babe thank him for his goodness, she burst into tears. Mr. Faulkland tenderly embraced the child, not without a visible emotion of countenance; and

and having gently set him down again, he placed himself by Miss Burchell's side : She was still sobbing. Those generous tears, Madam, said he, taking her by the hand, reproach me too much : I have not deserved this tenderness ; I cannot look upon you, nor that dear boy, without blushing ; but you have forgiven me ; it shall be the study of my life to make you both happy. Oh ! Madam, continued Miss Burchell, what an exquisite joy must such a declaration give me from the beloved of my soul. I wrung his hand ; Oh, Sir, you are too, too good : What return can I make you ? One thing only say to me, that you do not offer me a *very* reluctant hand, and I shall then be the happiest of women.

Mr. Faulkland paused a little while, and then, with a noble frankness, replied : ‘ You know, my dear Miss Burchell, with what an excess of passion I have ever loved Mrs. Arnold : Had no such woman existed, *you* would have been my choice, preferably to any other : but when I first knew you, I looked upon myself as bound to her, though, at that time, I had never

‘ seen her : my knowledge of her afterwards
‘ confirmed me her’s. I made no secret of
‘ this to you, and you may remember what
‘ my declarations to you were, even at the
‘ time my hopes were frustrated. I have
‘ loved her fervently ever since ; even in the
‘ arms of a husband I adored her ; and I
‘ will be candid enough to own to you,
‘ that, as my attachment to her has, du-
‘ ring all that time, estranged me from
‘ you, so should I still, had I the least hopes
‘ of succeeding, have persisted in my suit.
‘ But she has cut off all hope ; she has de-
‘ clared she never can be mine, and at the
‘ same time has represented my obligations
‘ to you in so strong a light, that I am con-
‘ vinced I ought to be your’s. And let me
‘ own, Madam (you who are generous,
‘ and know what it is to love, will pardon
‘ a declaration which I durst not make to
‘ any other woman) to you I will confess
‘ that Mrs. Arnold is arbitress of my fate ;
‘ and in approving myself to her, I do so
‘ to my own conscience. I do not there-
‘ fore, though my actions have been guided
‘ by her, yield with reluctance to her will :
‘ her

‘ her virtue, her religion, and enlarged
‘ mind, have only dictated to me, what
‘ my own reason tells me I ought to do.
‘ I have been a slave to a hopeless passion
‘ too long; I am now resolved to struggle
‘ with my chains: you, Madam, must as-
‘ sist me in breaking them intirely; and I
‘ make no doubt but that time, joined to
‘ my own efforts, and aided by your sweet-
‘ nefs of disposition, your tenderness, and
‘ admirable sense, will enable me to con-
‘ quer what I must now call a weakness,
‘ and make the triumph equally happy for
‘ us both. But remember, Madam, I ne-
‘ ver see Mrs. Arnold more. ’Tis for your
‘ peace sake as well as my own, that I
‘ make this a preliminary to our marriage.
‘ I will, when you shall vouchsafe me the
‘ honour of your hand, receive it, if you
‘ please, from Lady Bidulph; and as I
‘ presume it will be agreeable to you to
‘ have the ceremony intirely private, that
‘ I may, for our dear little boy’s sake,
‘ present you rather as my acknowledged
‘ wife, than as my new-made bride, I will,
‘ with the utmost speed and secrecy, have
‘ such

‘such dispositions made, as shall be suitable
‘to my condition, and your own merit.

‘I should like, after we are united, if
‘you have no objection to it, to pay a visit
‘for a while to an estate I have in Ireland;
‘which I have never yet seen, and which I
‘intended to have looked at, if this event,
‘this happy event (and he kissed my hand)
‘had not taken place.’

Penetrated as I was, pursued Miss Burchell, with a sense of the generosity and openness of his heart, I could not forbear raising his hand to my lips; he tenderly withdrew it from me, as if abashed at my condescension. He then turned the discourse to less interesting subjects, and after three delightful hours spent with me, took his leave; not without having first fixed on Wednesday, next Wednesday, to be the blessed day that is to make him mine for ever.

Happy, happy may you be, said I! you *must* be happy; but let me see you once again before you are Mrs. Faulkland: there are not many hours to come before that name will be yours. My dear Madam!
said

said she, and patted my bosom with her hand, I hope all is well *here*; she looked earnestly in my face, and then added, but you have a noble heart. 'Tis an honest one I hope, said I, a little disconcerted at her manner. Why did she address me thus, my dear? I hope I did not discover any thing in my behaviour as if I repined at her good fortune; if I did, far be such a wretched meanness from the heart of thy friend. Was it not my own act to make Miss Burchell the happy woman she now thinks herself? Yet I own there is something in Mr. Faulkland's conduct which has raised my esteem to admiration. Oh may his future days be blessed, else shall I indeed be wretched!

My mother told Miss Burchell, it would give her inexpressible satisfaction to bestow her in marriage on Mr. Faulkland; and desired she would let her know to-morrow at what time and place the ceremony was to be performed. She answered, at her own house, as she could be no where else so private; and that Mr. Faulkland would engage for the purpose a clergyman, a par-

ticular friend of his, and fellow-collegian, on whose discretion he could rely.

Miss Burchell's spirits were too much exhilarated to let her think of rest; she staid with us till it was very late, and having taken occasion to mention how grieved she was at the thoughts of losing my society, and of the necessity Mr. Faulkland expressed himself under of never seeing me more, my mother took that opportunity of gravely entering into the subject of matrimonial duties. She highly applauded Mr. Faulkland's resolution on that head, and told Miss Burchell, it ought exceedingly to enhance his merit towards her. Let this be a memorandum to you, my dear Madam, said she, how sacred the bond is to be held that is now going to unite you: He will not, you see, run the hazard of being tempted, even in thought, to swerve from that faith which he is going to plight to you; your situation is delicate, and it will require the utmost prudence and circumspection on your part, to secure such an interest in his heart as he now seems inclined to give you. It is not on your personal charms
that

that you are to rely, for subduing, or preserving the affections of such a man as he is. They alone, you see, were not able to effect this; it is to Mr. Faulkland's honour rather than his love, that you are now obliged for the justice he has done you: never let this be out of your thoughts; be grateful, but let your gratitude have dignity in it; and by your behaviour convince your husband that honour was with you a first motive to wish this union, love will then come in with a better grace as a secondary inducement.

The freedom of my mother's observations, and instructions, I was not surprized at, because she always speaks her mind; but the emphasis with which she delivered herself was unusual. Miss Burchell expressed herself as obliged to her, and joined entirely in her opinion; I could perceive however she was not pleased with the lecture.

When Miss Burchell was gone, my mother told me, she thought it necessary to speak as she had done. Miss Burchell, said she, is not *quite* the girl I took her

for; so much modesty and reserve, I thought I never had met with in a young creature before; when she used to speak of Mr. Faulkland, it was with affection indeed, but with such a nice decorum as convinced me of the innocence and purity of her heart. But of late I have observed she has been less delicate in her expressions of tenderness; such passionate flights have sometimes broke from her, as I did not think becoming in a young woman, and which indeed almost offended me; and this night her joy has been ungoverned. Great reason she has for joy 'tis true; but there are some considerations which ought to have made her chasten that joy into a sober, and, at least seemingly, moderate satisfaction. She loves Mr. Faulkland, but let her beware of disgusting a man of his sense by too strong an expression of her fondness.

My mother's observation, and her uncommonly forcible manner of expressing it, struck me prodigiously. It is true I had made the same remarks myself, but as you know she is not extremely penetrating, and

and in general, but a superficial observer, I was the more surprized at what she said. Miss Burchell's behaviour must have been formerly very different from what it now is, to have made my mother so sensible of the change. *Some considerations*, she said, ought to have made her chasten her joy. Perhaps, she meant no more than that the young lady, even in the midst of that joy, had, upon reflexion, cause for humiliation. I hope, she did not think that her gaiety on this desired event affected me, who had so warmly promoted it. My mother is too open not to give the full meaning of her thoughts. This may be only the suggestion of my own fancy, yet it has mortified me. I had but little rest last night, and rose this morning by day-light, to throw together in writing the above particulars.

June 27.—Miss Burchell came not to us till late this evening; pleasure danced in her eyes. I whispered to her, We rejoice with you, dear Madam, sincerely rejoice, at your approaching felicity; but our present state will not suffer us to keep pace with you in

that gaiety, however justifiable it may be from the cause: restrain yourself a little; my mother will not think you kind, as we are so soon to part with you. She smiled, and thanking me for the hint, immediately composed her features to such a decorum (I will not call it demureness) that it was impossible to discover she was agitated by any extraordinary emotion. I own, I was amazed at the command she so suddenly assumed over her countenance. I was glad, however, she did so, that my mother might not have fresh cause of dislike towards her.

She told us that Mr. Faulkland had settled a thousand pounds a year on her, and that too without ever having informed himself of the state of her fortune; for, in the hurry of her thoughts, she had neglected to mention it to him: (Generous man! whispered I to myself.) She then, with great gravity, applied herself to my mother, and told her, she hoped for the honour of her presence, the next morning, at her own house; where the ceremony was to be performed, before no other witnesses but her ladyship, and the gentlewoman, who had
been

been Mr. Faulkland's housekeeper; and that the following day they purposed retiring to Mr. Faulkland's seat in Hartfordshire, and, after a short stay there, to set out for Ireland.

My mother commended Mr. Faulkland's diligence, for having so suddenly disposed every thing for this important event, and told our friend she would not fail to attend her at the appointed time.

Miss Burchell's behaviour was extremely composed; she either really was, or affected to be, extremely sorry at parting with me; she could not stay long with us, she said, as she had many things still to settle in the remaining part of that evening. On taking leave of me, I shall not see you again, worthiest of women, said she, at least, for many months; but my love, my respect, and my gratitude towards you will be as lasting as my life. You shall hear often from me, and be so good as sometimes to tell me I am not forgotten. She embraced me with tears in her eyes, but I thought she tripped down stairs to her chair, as if her heart was very light.

My mother liked her deportment: she said, she believed the flightiness of her behaviour before, was owing to her being quite intoxicated with the suddenness of her joy, on so unexpected a turn of fortune; but that, since she had time for recollection, she had recovered her wonted bashful and sober air, with which she used to be so delighted. My mother says, she will contrive to carry a rich white brocade gown with her, in order to slip it on at Miss Burchell's house; for she would not, on any consideration, appear in mourning on this joyful occasion. You know the reverence she has for omens.

June 28.—The important event is over, my Cecilia. Miss Burchell is now Mrs. Faulkland. My mother is just returned, and saw the nuptial knot tied. The lady, she said, looked very lovely; and it was easy to observe she gave her hand with all her heart. Mr. Faulkland's behaviour was polite and unconstrained; but his attention to his bride was more gallant than tender; and his whole deportment was that of a man who seemed to endeavour at acquitting himself

self with a good grace of an act of duty, rather than of inclination. The latter part of the observation is mine, not my mother's; but I collected it from certain little particulars, which she related to me in her own way, without drawing any inference from them.

He thanked her in a most respectful manner for the honour she had done him, and for her former friendship to Miss Burchell; but did not once mention my name. So much the better; I hope he will forget me.

My mother is mighty alert on the occasion, and felicitates both herself and me on our having brought about this very important affair. She joined heartily with me in praying that the new married pair may be happy in each other. She is quite reconciled to Mr. Faulkland. What a pity it was, said she — and stopped; then added, But every thing is for the best. I understood her, but made no reply.

They go out of town to-morrow morning; all happiness attend them!

I expect Sir George will be quite outrageous about this marriage. My second refusal

ful of his friend, with the addition of his now being wedded, through my persuasion, to a woman my brother never could endure, will, I fear, exasperate him beyond a possibility of reconciliation. I cannot help it; I have acted agreeably to the dictates of my duty; that must be my consolation: life is in itself a warfare, *my* life has been particularly so.

July 8.—My mother is far from being well; her spirits have been a little heightened for these few days past, but her disorder I see gains ground: the swelling in her legs is returning, and her rest at night quite broken. I am hourly habituating myself to think of her dissolution; or in other words, am preparing myself for the worst evil that can now befall me. I hope I shall find myself equal to the trial.

July 10.—Here is a storm for you my dear; a letter from Sir George. I wanted such a thing to rouse me from the almost lethargic dulness that was creeping on me. Mr. Faulkland has acquainted him with his marriage.

Miss Sidney Bidulph. 39

marriage. Pray observe his brotherly address.

Mrs. ARNOLD,

June 6, 1706.

‘ For I disclaim all relation to you. I
‘ have just now had a letter from Faulkland,
‘ wherein I am at once informed of your
‘ having finally rejected him, and of his be-
‘ ing married to Miss Burchell. As for
‘ the first, your own folly be on your head.
‘ You will have time enough for repentance,
‘ and I need wish you no other punishment
‘ than what *will*, and for me *shall*, be the
‘ consequence of your obstinate adherence
‘ to your own romantick wild opinions. But
‘ what in the name of blind infatuation could
‘ provoke you to urge the man, to whom
‘ you owed such obligations, to his destruc-
‘ tion? *You* I know have done it; he could
‘ not be so mad but under *your* influence.
‘ You and my mother I suppose fancy you
‘ have done a righteous deed; but you have
‘ done what I am afraid poor Faulkland
‘ will have reason to — I will suppress the
‘ shocking word, that my indignation sug-
‘ gested.

Why

‘ Why was not I made acquainted with
‘ this precious design of marrying my friend
‘ to that insinuating little viper? I might
‘ perhaps have prevented the mischief; for
‘ I cannot think if she had not imposed up-
‘ on you, that you would have pushed your
‘ chimerical notions of honour to such ex-
‘ tremities.

‘ Perhaps you meant well; but it has
‘ ever been your peculiar misfortune I think
‘ to have your good intentions productive
‘ of nothing but evil: this last action I fear
‘ will be a severe proof of the truth of this
‘ observation. I warned you in time against
‘ this woman, but my advice has always
‘ been despised.

‘ I will say no more on the hateful sub-
‘ ject; what is done is irrevocable: but I
‘ believe you will hardly be able to answer
‘ it to yourself, if you find that you have
‘ condemned one of the noblest fellows in
‘ the world to the arms of a prostitute.’

Lord. bless me! my Cecilia, was there
ever such a barbarian? with what an impla-
cable aversion does he pursue this poor girl!

But

But what does he mean by the odious epithet with which he closes his horrid letter? Sure Miss Burchell merits not that name. Her weakness in regard to Mr. Faulkland cannot bring on her so detestable a charge. If George knows any thing more of her character than I do, why did he not tell me so before? It cannot be; his aversion to her makes him cruel and unjust. He says true; I should not indeed forgive myself if I were the means of making Mr. Faulkland unhappy; and his observation would be dreadfully verified, that all my good intentions produce nothing but evil, if this marriage should prove to be unfortunate.

July 20.—I have had a letter from Mrs. Faulkland. She and her husband are arrived safely at his estate on the borders of the north of Ireland, within less than thirty miles of the capital. It is a pleasant part of the country she says, but as Mr. Faulkland has no house there, they have taken up their lodgings for the present at the house of his steward. Her letter is filled with declarations of the felicity she enjoys; she
says

says she would not change her lot to be the greatest Queen on earth.—May she continue to deserve her happy fortune, and to render her husband as satisfied with *his* lot as she is with *hers*! then shall I triumph over Sir George for his vile insinuations.

I have heard from my good Lady V—, in answer to the letter I wrote her, giving an account of Mr. Faulkland's marriage. As he had not made her acquainted with his return to England, I knew not whether he had informed her of this particular; and I find he had not. As Lady V—— was a stranger to his former connection with Miss Burchell (with whom I have already told you she was acquainted, and that she entertained a very favourable opinion of her) she expressed no displeasure at the alliance; but said, she supposed he married in a tiff, upon my refusal of him; for which I gave her such reasons as I had before given Mr. Faulkland, excepting those which related to Miss Burchell; which, for both their sakes, must now be no more mentioned. Lady V—— says, *she will not condemn the delicacy of my sentiments; though she owns*
her

her wish was, that it could have been got over, as she is sure that Mr. Faulkland can never be happy with any one but me.

[Here follows an interval of near two months, in which nothing material occurred]

September 13.—The time approaches, my Cecilia, when thy friend shall be poor and destitute. I know thy generous heart will more than sympathize with me in my calamity, from the aggravating reflexion that it is not in your power to assist me. The account you have given me of your husband's close disposition has too fully convinced me of this. Nor should I have mentioned my apprehensions to you at this time, but that I am bound not to conceal a thought from the friend of my heart.

Sir George has dropt all correspondence with us, I have nothing to expect from him; nor does that mortal live (yourself excepted) to whom I would, on such an occasion, be indebted. I have already sighed too often under the weight of obligations which I could not repay.

My

My mother is hastening apace towards a better world. She sees her end approaching with such a calmness, such a truly pious joy, as almost makes me ashamed of lamenting her loss; for what is it in me, my dear, but selfishness? 'Tis true, the loss of a tender parent, a faithful friend, at a time when all other comforts of life are fled, is an evil one would wish wholly to avoid, or at least to postpone to the longest date possible: but when I consider *her* welfare, ought I to indulge myself in such a wish? Her life is already become a burden to her; her infirmities are painful, and without hope of cure; she longs to be released, and to receive that reward of her righteousness, which cannot be obtained on this side of the grave.

If we had a friend, who, in compassion to our wants or weakness, consented to live with us, though under the pressure of years and bodily pain; and that friend were invited to a remote country, with an assurance of recovering health, of having youth renewed, and of possessing all the riches, power, honours, and accumulated pleasures

tures that this world can bestow; should we not blush to own even a wish to detain him from such a station? what but a love of ourselves, superior to that which we bear to our friend, could suggest such a thought? How much more to be desired then is the change, to which my mother looks forward, with an assured hope!

But there is something dismal in the idea of death! 'tis only our prejudices make it so. I have been endeavouring for many days past to familiarise it to my thoughts, and to consider death only as the name of a region through which my mother is to pass, in order to get at that delightful country to which she is invited, and whither I shall assuredly follow her. Such is the present frame of my mind; judge then, my sister, if this philosophy will not bear me up against the expected blow when it falls upon me.

September 15.—'Tis strange, my Cecilia, that this best of parents, who has always so tenderly loved me, expresses now not the least uneasiness at the forlorn condition in
which

which she must soon leave me. Her thoughts are employed on higher objects, and she seems to have weaned herself from all worldly attachments.

I am going from you, my daughter, said she to me just now, and have no other legacy to leave you but a parent's blessing. Your brother possesses all when I die; I wish you had the means of enjoying life with comfort; but you must be contented. See that you bear your lot as becomes you. I perceive your grief for the melancholy condition to which I am reduced; but added she smiling, I shall soon be released. Remember how David behaved on the death of that son, whose life he had so earnestly besought of his maker: let that serve you as an example, not to give yourself up to unprofitable sorrow. Bring up your children in the principles that I taught you, and God will take care of them; for *I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*

She said, she found herself drowsy, and desired me to leave her for a while. I have left her, going I hope to get a little sleep; she

she breaths with so much difficulty that she cannot bear to lie down, and never gets any rest but by snatches, as she sits in an arm-chair supported by pillows.

How heavy and cast down do I feel my spirits; but I know the worst—*that* is something. ———

It is all over: and my mother, blessed woman! opens not her eyes again but to a joyful resurrection. Oh, my dear, there is no terror in death when he seizes us not unprepared! I went into my mother's chamber, in about half an hour after I had quitted it, at her desire: I found her leaning back in her chair, her eyes shut, and a complacent air diffused over her face, which made me hope that her slumber was sweeter, and more profound than usual. I sat down by her to contemplate her benign countenance; and was some minutes before I discovered that she did not breathe. I took her hand, she had no pulse; and I soon found that the happy spirit had escaped from its house of clay. May *I* die the death of the righteous, and my latter end

be like hers! No murmurings, no, no my sister, I will be patience itself!

September 25.—I have sent the remains of my venerable parent down to Sidney-Castle, there to be interred with her ancestors. I wrote my brother an account of her death on the day it happened, but have as yet received no answer. Unnatural son! but I will not reproach him; some accident might have prevented his writing immediately on the receipt of my letter. He never intirely forsook the duty he owed his mother, but he has of late been quite estranged from us; his wife, vain, weak and imperious, governs him totally. I must now begin to look about me for a place of abode suited to my present circumstances. My whole income would not pay more than half the rent of these lodgings in which I have lived with my dear mother. My poor Patty! I am grieved for *her*. I begged of her to seek another mistress, who might be able to reward her merit, and provide for her as she deserves; but the

the worthy affectionate girl told me, it would break her heart, if I talked of parting with her. You must have a servant of some sort, Madam, said she, why may not I do as well as another? If I were able to make you a proper return, Patty, said I, you should not leave me; but I cannot afford to pay a servant of your abilities as you deserve; and I must be my own maid for the future. Never, never, Madam, cried the honest creature, bursting into tears, while I have hands to serve you. Let me but attend on you, and the two dear children; I desire nothing.—I want nothing. Your goodness has all along supplied me so, that I am sure I have cloaths enough to serve me during my life; and if I could not put up with the same humble way of living that my mistress does, sure I should be a presumptuous wretch! My tears thanked the grateful girl; and taking her by the hand, I told her, that I would not talk of parting for the present, but when any thing worth her acceptance offered, I should then insist on her embracing it.

I am determined to retire to some village at a distance from London, and either to take a little cottage to myself, or board with my children at some farm-house, as I shall find most convenient. Fifty pounds a year will be but a slender support for three persons brought up in affluence. My little ones indeed will not now be sensible of the change, and by the time they are grown up, they will be so inured to their homely board, that they will not, I hope, aspire after what cannot consistently (perhaps) with virtue, lie within their reach.

October 27.—After paying the expences of my mother's funeral, discharging our lodgings, and some other demands, I find my purse will be so extremely reduced, that I shall have but barely enough to keep out want, till my small income becomes due to me. I must therefore, for the present, defer putting my scheme into execution, as I am not qualified to undertake a journey with my little family; especially as I am as yet uncertain what place to fix on for my residence; neither will I afford my brother

4

(though

(though I have no reason to expect any thing from him) a farther pretence for reproaching me, by giving him room to say, I left London without consulting him, or waiting for his return to it. I shall therefore look out for a lodging of a small price, where I will conceal myself from every body that knows me, and wait for Sir George's arrival.

October 28.—How happy you make me, my ever dear friend, by your approbation of my conduct; since my receiving your last packet, which came to my hands late last night, I am better reconciled to my present lot than I was before I heard from you. *I could not do otherwise*, you say, after my solemn promise given to Miss Burchell, than use my utmost endeavours to promote her marriage with Mr. Faulkland. True; I could not: but I wish you had entered more into my sentiments, in regard to those punctilios, which, you tell me, you think *might* have been got over, if that young woman had been out of the question. I could not help smiling at your wish, un-

christian as it was; but my dear, if that *were* to happen, do you think Mr. Faulkland so void of reason, nay of feeling, as after all that has past to persevere? Or if he did, that I could be so mean as to owe the very bread that I and my children should eat, to his generosity? Would you, my Cecilia, wish to see your friend so humbled? 'Tis not in the power even of the cold, hard hand of poverty itself, to dash me so low as that would do. But where is the need of forming resolutions, or even making declarations about what never *can* happen? I see notwithstanding, that you think my heart has *again* done itself some violence: You know that heart too well for me to attempt to hide from you its secret workings. I own to you honestly I now feel my own unhappiness in its full extent. I look back, and take a survey of the past, and cannot help thinking that I have had the most wayward fate allotted me that ever woman had.

Disappointment in a first love, has, I think, been ever accounted a grief scarce surmountable even by time: but this can
only

only be the case, where the heart, extremely vulnerable by nature (like Miss Burchell's) suffers itself to be so entirely immersed in that passion, that all the other duties of life are swallowed up in it; and where an indolent turn of mind, a want of rational avocations, and perhaps of a new object, all contribute to indulge and confirm the disease. This you know was not my case. I loved, 'tis true; but it was with temperance; and though my disappointment afflicted me, it did not subdue me. I got the better of it, I think I got the better of it even before I married; but sure I am, I totally conquered all remembrance of it after I became a wife. I then laid down a new Scheme of happiness, and was for a time in possession of it; how I was thrown from this is still bitter to remembrance. You well know what I suffered, when I found myself deprived of my husband's love, and suspected of a crime at which my soul shrunk. But it pleased the just God to deliver me from this heavy misfortune, and I think the happiest days of my marriage were those which I passed with

Mr. Arnold after our re-union. Then it was, I was thoroughly sensible that the heart *can* love a second time, truly and ardently; but I was soon again plunged into affliction by the death of a husband endeared to me more than ever by his misfortunes. My grief for him was proportionate to my love. Yet, my friend, as time is an universal conqueror, it might have healed this wound as well as the former one; and a few, a very few years would perhaps have disposed me to return Mr. Faulkland's still unabated passion, if a variety of circumstances had not interposed, that strongly forbade our union. Convinced as I was of this, I acted agreeably to the dictates both of my reason, and my conscience, in persuading Mr. Faulkland to make Miss Burchell his wife. I should have been grieved and mortified had he rejected her, and I had determined never to have seen him more. Yet how deceitful is the human heart! this very act which I laboured with so much assiduity to accomplish, and on the accomplishment of which, I had founded, I know not how, a sort of contentment for myself,

myself, has been the very means of destroying what little peace of mind I was beginning to taste before. Sure that man was born to torment me in a variety of ways! If I was disappointed in my early love, I had however duty, and a consciousness of what I then thought superior worth, to support me. If on his account I suffered cruel and injurious aspersions, the innocence of my own self-acquitted heart bore me up under it: but he has at length found the way to punish me without leaving me any resource. My pride is of no use, he has raised himself in my esteem superior to every thing. His whole behaviour so generous, so candid; a love so disinterested, so fervent; what noble, what uncommon proofs has he given me of it! and at length what a triumphant sacrifice has he made of that over-ruling passion, to the sober calls of reason and humanity! He has left me, my dear, to gaze after him with grateful admiration! and sometimes perhaps to sigh that our fates rendered it impossible for us to meet. But if I do sometimes sigh, it is not at the advantages of fortune, which I

might have enjoyed with him; no, no, surrounded as I am with distress, I do not envy Miss Burchell's affluence or splendor. If *that* motive could have had weight with me, I might have been mean enough not to have acted as I have done. 'Tis the qualities of the man's mind I esteem; I think our souls have something congenial in them, and that we were originally designed for each other. And if I believed the doctrine which teaches us that there are little officious spirits that preside over the actions of men, I should think that our two evil geniuses laid their heads together in conjunction with Miss Burchell's active demon, to thwart and cross all our measures.

I have nothing now left but to pray for the happiness of one whose lot in this life he has suffered *me* to determine; and to beseech Heaven that he may never stand in that fatal predicament which Sir George, with such outrageous barbarity, marked out in his vile letter.

I now return to myself, and to my present state; which I think I may say brings
up

up the rear of my misfortunes. Let the chastisement stop here, and I shall bow me to it with resignation.

October 29.—Ah, my Cecilia, what an aggravation is here to the already too deep regret I began to feel on Mr. Faulkland's account! His triumph over me is now complete!

In sorting my mother's papers (as I am to leave these lodgings to-morrow) I found that letter which Mr. Faulkland wrote to my brother from Bath. You may remember I told you my mother had, in her repentment, flung it to Sir George, and that, as it happened to fall on the ground, he had quitted the room in a passion without taking it up. My mother, I suppose, when she cooled, laid it by, though I dare say she never looked into it afterwards. Read it, and see by what a fatality we have been governed.

Mr. Faulkland's letter to Sir George Bidulph.

Bath, May 9, 1703.

' How you mortify me, my dear Bidulph,
' when you tell me of the happiness I lose
' by staying so long at Bath! *The ladies are*
' *impatient to see me*, say you? Ah! Sir
' George, thou hast spoke better of me than
' I deserve, I fear.

' I am sadly out of humour with myself
' at present. I have got into a very foolish
' sort of a scrape here. My wrist is quite
' well, and I should have thrown myself at
' Miss Bidulph's feet before now, but to
' tell you a secret, my virtue not being proof
' against temptation, I have been inter-
' cepted.

' 'Tis but a slight lapse, however, a flying
' affair; neither my honour, nor my heart
' in the question. A little vagrant Cupid
' has contented himself with picking my
' pocket, just lightly fluttering through my
' breast, and away.

' Are

' Are you fallen so low as that, Faulk-
 ' land, say you? to *buy* the favour of the
 ' fair? No, George, no; not quite so con-
 ' temptible as that neither: and yet, faith,
 ' I did *buy* it too, for it cost me three hun-
 ' dred pounds; but the lady to whom I am
 ' obliged knows nothing of this part of her
 ' own history; at least, I hope so, for my
 ' credit sake. The case in short is this:
 ' an old gouty officer, and his wife (a very
 ' notable dame; a fine woman too) hap-
 ' pened to lodge in the same house with me.
 ' The man came hither to get rid of his
 ' aches; the lady of her money, and her
 ' virtue, if she has any, for she is eternally
 ' at the card tables.

' Under the conduct of this hopeful
 ' guide, came a niece of the husband's;
 ' an extremely fine girl, innocent too, I
 ' believe, and the best dancer I ever saw. I
 ' don't know how it happened, but she took
 ' a fancy to me, which, upon my word,
 ' and I am sure you have no doubts of me,
 ' I was far from wishing to improve. You
 ' know I always despised the mean triumph
 ' of gaining a heart, for which I could not

‘ give another in return. I saw with pain
‘ her growing inclination for me ; but as
‘ we lived in the same house, and met eve-
‘ ry day in the rooms, it was impossible for
‘ me to avoid her as much as I wished to
‘ do. The aunt I found, had her eyes up-
‘ on me, and took some pains to pro-
‘ mote a liking on my side. I saw her
‘ design, and was so much upon my guard,
‘ that she, who I soon found was an adept
‘ in love matters, almost despaired of gain-
‘ ing her ends. The young lady’s inclina-
‘ tion however seemed to increase ; a pair
‘ of fine blue eyes told me so every day ;
‘ and I was upon the point of flying to
‘ avoid the soft contagion, when an acci-
‘ dent happened that totally overthrew all
‘ my good resolutions.

‘ I had not seen the young lady for two
‘ or three days ; I enquired for her, and her
‘ aunt answered, with a mysterious smile,
‘ She is ill, poor thing, why don’t you look
‘ in upon her, and ask her how she does ?
‘ I replied, if the lady will permit me, I will
‘ do myself that honour, and intended li-
‘ terally to have kept my word, by just
‘ asking

‘ asking her at her chamber door how she
‘ did.

‘ You are very cruel, said the aunt;
‘ would you persuade me that you don’t
‘ know the girl is in love with you? Oh,
‘ your Servant, Madam; if you think me
‘ vain, I thank you for the reprimand.
‘ Come, come, said she, this is all affecta-
‘ tion, we’ll drink tea with her this even-
‘ ing. Upon my word, said I, if I am to
‘ believe what you say, I think you ought
‘ not to desire me. I am not blind to the
‘ young lady’s merit, but am so unfortu-
‘ nate as not to have it in my power to
‘ make such returns as she deserves. I
‘ found the occasion required my being se-
‘ rious.

‘ If you have not love, said she, you
‘ may at least have a little complaisance.
‘ Was there ever such a barbarian, not to
‘ go and see a woman that is dying for him?
‘ I promised to bring you, and she expects
‘ you. What is the pretty creature afraid
‘ of (patting my cheek) I’ll stay by it all
‘ the while. There was no withstanding
‘ this; I promised to wait on her.

‘ She

‘ She knocked at my door about six
‘ o’clock, and looking in, asked if the coy
‘ Narchus was ready? I went with her, and
‘ she led me directly to her niece’s chamber.
‘ The young lady looked pale and languish-
‘ ing, but very pretty. I was really griev-
‘ ed to see her, and enquired with an unaf-
‘ fected concern after her health. The tea-
‘ things were set, and I tried to force some-
‘ thing like conversation, but I believe I
‘ was rather formal.

‘ When we had done tea, the aunt look-
‘ ed at her watch, started off her chair,
‘ said she had outstaid her appointment
‘ with the party she was to meet at cards,
‘ and turning to me, I hope, Sir, you will
‘ have the *Charity* to stay with my niece;
‘ and then hurried out of the room. I begged
‘ leave to hand her to her chair, intending to
‘ take that opportunity of slipping away,
‘ and resolved to quit the house the next
‘ morning. But the determined gipsy
‘ was prepared for this motion, and insist-
‘ ing that I should not stir, thrust me back
‘ from the door, which she shut, and flew
‘ down stairs.

‘ What

‘ What was to become of me now,
‘ George? my situation was dangerous,
‘ and really critical. To be short, I forgot
‘ my prudence, and found the young lady’s
‘ heart too, too tender.

‘ I never felt remorse before. I never
‘ had cause. I accuse myself of indiscretion,
‘ but I have not the aggravating addition to
‘ my fault of oaths and promises to fly in
‘ my face. I made none — love, foolish love
‘ did all, and led a willing victim to his
‘ altar, who asked nothing in return for
‘ the sacrifice she offered; and received no-
‘ thing but unavailing repentance on my
‘ side.

‘ I know not any thing now that would
‘ give me so much pleasure as to find that
‘ the girl hated me heartily, though I have
‘ given her no cause.

‘ A just reparation I cannot make her.
‘ Every thing forbids that thought. I do
‘ not consider myself as free; but if I were
‘ so, I am not a seducer, and therefore do
‘ not think myself bound to carry my peni-
‘ tence to such lengths. The damned aunt
‘ has been the serpent. And here let me
‘ explain.

MEMOIRS of

' explain to you what I call buying the
 ' lady's favour. You must know, the aunt
 ' one night (the greatest part of which she had
 ' spent at hazard) lost two hundred pounds;
 ' at least she told me so the next morning,
 ' and with tears in her eyes besought me, in
 ' the most earnest manner, to lend her that
 ' sum. She said, she should be undone if
 ' her husband were to know it, and that
 ' she would pay me in a very few days,
 ' as she had as much due to her from
 ' different people who had lost to her at
 ' play. Though our short acquaintance
 ' could hardly warrant her making such a
 ' request, I nevertheless did not hesitate,
 ' but gave her the money directly. She
 ' meant indeed to pay me, but it was in a
 ' different coin, and this I suppose was the
 ' price she set on the unhappy girl's ho-
 ' nour.

' My reflections on this unlucky affair
 ' make me very grave. I have explained
 ' my situation to the young lady, and ex-
 ' pressed my concern at not having it in
 ' my power to be any other than a friend
 ' to her. She blames her own weakness,
 ' and

‘ and her aunt’s conduct, but does not re-
 ‘ proach me. She cannot with justice, yet
 ‘ I wish she would, for then I should re-
 ‘ proach myself less.

‘ ’Tis a foolish business, and I must get
 ‘ off as handsomely as I can. Prithee, Bi-
 ‘ dulph, say something to encourage me,
 ‘ and put me into more favour with myself.
 ‘ You have often been my confessor, but
 ‘ I never wanted absolution so much as
 ‘ now; nor ever was so well intitled to it,
 ‘ for I am really full of penitence, and look
 ‘ so mortified, you would pity me. I am
 ‘ ashamed of having been surpris’d into a
 ‘ folly; I who *ought* to have been upon my
 ‘ guard, knowing the natural impetuosity
 ‘ of my own temper.

‘ I must not conclude without telling you
 ‘ that this very morning, the precious aunt,
 ‘ instead of paying me the two hundred
 ‘ pounds she had of me before, very mo-
 ‘ destly requested I would oblige her with
 ‘ another hundred, to redeem a pair of dia-
 ‘ mond ear-rings which she had been obli-
 ‘ ged to part with for the supply of some
 ‘ other necessary demands; and with abun-
 dance

‘ dance of smooth speeches, she assured me,
 ‘ in a fortnight she would pay me all to-
 ‘ gether, having notes to that value which
 ‘ would then become due to her. I was
 ‘ such a booby as to give it her — Why,
 ‘ fare it well — I never expect to see a shil-
 ‘ ling of it. She thinks, perhaps, there is
 ‘ value received for it. Vile woman! The
 ‘ affair fortunately for us all, has not taken
 ‘ wind; and for me, the names of both
 ‘ aunt and niece, may ever stand enrolled
 ‘ amongst those of chaste matrons and vir-
 ‘ gins. The family quits this place soon, as
 ‘ the old gentleman is better.

‘ I thank you for your care, in relation
 ‘ to my house. I hope to take possession of
 ‘ it in a week or ten days; you are very
 ‘ good in fixing me so near yourself. A-
 ‘ dieu.

‘ I am, &c.

What do you think of this letter, my
 Cecilia, written in confidence to my bro-
 ther? Mr. Faulkland could not conceive it
 probable that any body but Sir George
 should ever see it; he had no reason there-

fore

fore to gloss over any of the circumstances. Had I seen it but in time—Oh what anguish of heart might we all have been spared! Miss Burchell singly, as she ought, would have borne the punishment of her folly.

My mother had not patience to read this letter through; nice and punctilious as her virtue was, she passed a censure on the crime in gross, without admitting any palliating circumstance. But I blame her not; the excellence of her own morals, made her scrupulous in weighing those of others; she read the letter in a cursory way, and it is plain but half of it; prepossessed as she was before by knowing the material point.

The account was given with levity at the first mention of the young lady. Then she understood she had bought her of her aunt; there is a paragraph which looks like it, and to be sure she attended not to the explanation. Fatal oversight! she read not far enough to have this matter cleared up. She took nothing but the bare facts into her account. A young lady dishonoured, her disgrace likely to be public, then her tenderness

dernels for the man who had undone her, and that man rejecting her, and on the point of marrying another. These were the only points of view in which my mother beheld the story. Her justice, her humanity, and her religion prompted her to act as she did; and her conduct stands fully acquitted to my judgment, though my heart must, upon this full conviction of Mr. Faulkland's honour, sigh at recollecting the past.

I know that the memory of my mother's own first disastrous love wrought strongly on her mind. She was warm in her passions, liable to deep impressions, and always adhered strictly to those opinions she first imbibed. Her education had been severe and replete; and she had drawn all her ideas of mankind from her own father and mine, who, I have been told, were both men of exemplary lives. From all these considerations, I must again say, that I entirely acquit my dear mother, in regard to her whole conduct, however I have suffered by it.

October 30.—I am now fixed in a very humble habitation. Shall I own it to you,
my

my Cecilia? I was shocked at the change. A room two pair of stairs high, with a closet, and a small indifferent parlour, compose the whole of my apartment. Hither did my faithful Patty, my two children, and myself, remove this day. It put us not to much trouble, having nothing to take with us, but our wearing apparel, which is all the worldly goods of which I am now possessed.

When I wrote to Lady V—, (which was a day or two before my mother's death) I mentioned not that she was then in so dangerous a way. I know the generosity and good nature of that worthy woman; but I have already been too much obliged to her to lay any fresh tax on her friendship, which I am sure she would too readily pay, if she were acquainted with my situation. I shall therefore, as long as I can, defer acquainting her with my mother's death; and when I do, I shall not give her room to suspect that my brother has cast me off, which I have now too much reason to believe he has; otherwise sure, in more than a fortnight, he might have found time to
write

write to me. I neither expect ceremony, nor tenderness from him ; but the occasion of my letter demanded some notice.

Nov. 2.—Patty has just now been informed, that Lady Sarah Bidulph is arrived in town. She met one of their servants, who told her that my brother is not come with her ; it seems, they parted on the road. He is gone to Sidney Castle, which is now his, and Lady Sarah chose to come to London. She has, I find, been in London four days, though she has not yet vouchsafed to send me any notice of her arrival. She could not be at a loss where to find me, as I left my direction at my former lodging, in case of any letter, or message, coming from any of my friends ; though I desired the people of the house not to inform any indifferent visitants where I was to be found.

Though George has, in his turbulent way, renounced me, as his sister, yet sure his wife, whom I never disobliged, ought not to depart so from humanity and common good breeding, as not to enquire after the sister of her husband, who has an
occasion

occasion of grief so recent, in which she ought to partake. I shall not however take notice of this slight, but am preparing to send Patty to her, with an enquiry after her health, and to know when my brother is expected in town. —

Patty is just returned from her embassy to Lady Sarah; I will give you the conversation she had with her.

Patty sent in her message, with great respect, by a footman, and waited for her answer in the hall; though her pretty figure and genteel mourning dress had induced the servant to ask her into the house-keeper's room.

Lady Sarah was alone in the parlour, and desired her to be called to the door. So, young woman, said she, your mistress desires to know when Sir George will be in town. I am really surprised after the letter she received from him, that she can fancy Sir George means to concern himself about her. Do you know her business with him? you are in your mistress's secrets I suppose. I do not know, Madam, answered Patty, what particular business my lady may have; but

but I believe it would be a comfort to her to see her brother in her present melancholy circumstances. I don't know that there is any thing uncommonly melancholy in her circumstances, replied the lady; her mother's years and infirmities made her death a thing to be looked for; I suppose your mistress is not in *want*. My poor ingenious Patty said, she blushed at the cruel indifference with which Lady Sarah spoke this. Not in immediate want, Madam, I hope; but your ladyship must needs think she is in a destitute way, with two children, and but fifty pounds a year in the world. What do you mean, woman, cried Lady Sarah? it is impossible but Lady Bidulph must have left money behind her; Sir George, I am sure, has got nothing but what she could not keep from him. Patty answered, Lady Bidulph, Madam, left no money behind her more than what was barely sufficient to defray some necessary expences that occurred immediately after her death. Well, and so your mistress, I suppose, after having behaved so ill as she has done to her brother, expects he should provide

provide handsomely for her, and her children; *Arnold's* children for the rest of their lives. I know not, Madam, returned Patty, what my Lady's expectations are, but I believe she would be very glad to see Sir George before she goes out of town, or at least inform him of her design. What is her design, pray, asked Lady Sarah? To retire into the country, Madam, as she has not wherewithal to subsist on in London. She can't do better, I think, said the Lady. Where does she live now? My poor maid, who thought this question tended to the proud woman's calling on, or at least sending to me, made haste to inform her; she lodges, Madam, at a milliner's, at the corner of the Hay-market, the left hand as you turn — Oh dear! pray stop: you need not be so particular, I have no design of paying her a visit in her corner-shop; my only reason for enquiring was, to know whether she had thought proper to keep those expensive lodgings her mother was in, in expectation of Sir George's continuing *her* in them. My Lady has no such view, I believe, Madam. Well, you may tell your *Lady*, that if she

will go out of town with her children, I will endeavour to prevail on Sir George to allow her something. He will not be in town this month, so that she need not wait for his arrival. She might, if she would have been guided by her brother, have been a credit to her friends, instead of what she now is. Patty owns, she was so full of indignation, that she wished at that moment not to have been a servant, that she might have reproached her with her hard heartedness. Oh, my dear, these are the stings of poverty! It is not the hard bed, nor the homely board, but the oppressive insolence of proud prosperity; 'tis that only which can inflict a wound on the ingenuous mind.

As for that mean woman, I despise her too much to suffer myself to be obliged to her. *She will endeavour to prevail on my brother.* If his own heart cannot prevail on him, I disclaim her influence; I know she means not to use it in my favour; on the contrary, I make no doubt but she will endeavour to irritate Sir George against me by misrepresentations. Her pride makes her wish to have an indigent

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gent relation out of the way, yet her avarice would not suffer her to enable me to retire; and she will make my continuing here through necessity a pretence for still withholding any assistance from me. Let it be so; I would rather submit to the most abject drudgery, than owe a wretched dependant existence to such a woman. I am sure my brother, notwithstanding his resentment, if he knew what my situation truly is, would not behave with cruelty; but my mind is not become so sordid, fallen as I am, as to turn petitioner for relief. But no more, my Cecilia, let not my fate interrupt your happiness.

November 4.—I have had a letter from Mrs. Faulkland, filled with the overflowings of a joyful heart. She says, Mr. Faulkland is so delighted with the country he is in, and finds his estate capable of such vast improvement, that he thinks of making a longer residence there than he at first intended: the rather as he has some suspicions that his agent has not acted faithfully by him; and as he is sure the extensive plan

that he has now laid down, will be better executed under his own eye. He purposes building a little convenient lodge on a very charming spot in the center of his estate, where he may reside whilst his works are carrying on; so that Mrs. Faulkland promises herself much pleasure, in spending her time partly there and partly in Dublin. She has already made a large circle of acquaintance, and bestows high encomiums on the great politeness and hospitality with which they are received by all the fashionable people in the county.

She knows not of my mother's death; yet in my answer to her letter, I cannot avoid mentioning it. Though I could wish for obvious reasons to conceal it. Mr. Faulkland well knows the ruin of our fortune; and though he cannot suppose while I have a brother living that I am driven to such streights, yet I know what his liberal heart may suggest to him on this occasion, which might lay me under fresh difficulties.

I have but just now apprised Lady V— of the decease of my dear mother, but have not insinuated any other grief than the

the loss of a tender parent, and an agreeable companion. Indeed I have carried my dissimulation so far as not to desire this lady to change her address to me, lest if I gave her my present direction, she might be led to think, necessity had obliged me to change my former lodgings for worse. I shall use the same precaution towards Mrs. Faulkland, as I have obtained permission from the gentlewoman whose house I lately left, to have my letters sent thither: when I go into the country a general direction to the post house may suffice. I shall now look out for some little spot to retire to, where I can support life on the cheapest terms. In two months I shall have my small pittance due to me, which I reserve to carry me out of town, and to settle me in my new scheme of œconomy in the country. If I could persuade my poor Patty to quit me, and see her settled in some eligible situation, I should then have no material concern to attend to, but the bringing up my children in the paths of virtue and humility. Humility, that happy frame of mind,

on which so much of our temporal as well as our eternal welfare depends.

November 9.—Who shall say, now is the measure of my griefs complete: Providence thou canst inflict no more! Oh my sister, in the midst of other sorrows, I thought not of one that still remained behind; my children, my two little angels! both dangerously ill. The small-pox is their distemper, and of the worst kind. The disease has been hanging over them for some days, and my close attendance on them, prevented me from using my pen. The cruel distemper now appears with the most malignant symptoms. The eldest always slept with me; I have resigned my bed to her for these three last nights, and have watched by her. Patty has done the same by the youngest. A humane and skilful physician attends them, but my reliance rests not on him.

November 12.—Three days and nights of sorrowful anxiety have at length produced a little comfort to me. The distemper has
now

now reached one crisis, whence the physician can form a judgment with some degree of certainty, and he bids me hope. Oh if it were not for that healing word, how could the wretched drag on existence from day to day? I do, I will hope, for there is a merciful providence that superintends his works.

Nov. 21.—Thank God! thank God! my Cecilia, the dear babes are out of danger. Fifteen melancholy days and nights has their disconsolate mother watched by the poor little sufferers; but I am fully repaid by having them restored to my prayers. They are now able to sit up, and open their pretty eyes which had been closed for many days; and to add to my satisfaction I think they will not be marked; but they are still so feeble that it will be at least another fortnight before I can think of venturing their little tender frames out of doors.

The physician's care and diligence deserved a greater recompence than I had it in my power to make him; however what I

have done has reduced me to a single guinea. But this affects me not ; I shall make no difficulty of parting with some of my now unnecessary fineries, which neither I nor my children probably will ever again have any pretensions to wear.

November 22.—I have felt the wounds of grief, the pangs of disappointment, and the smart of indignation ! yet was my heart never more sensibly affected than it was just now by a circumstance proceeding from a cause very different from all these. I had taken out of my drawers a few superfluous ornaments, which I desired Patty to dispose of as if they were her own, to the woman where we lodge ; being things in her own way of business. The poor girl looked at me for some time with a grief in her countenance that pierced me to the soul. There is no need Madam, said she, with her voice almost stifled, there is no need I hope as yet for this. You don't consider Patty, said I, that the children's weak condition requires now a more than ordinary attention to their diet ; and I have not sufficient to supply them

them long with such necessaries as they want. I have no occasion for these trifles, and I cannot see my little ones droop for want of such comfortable nourishment as may restore them to their strength. Nor shall they want it Madam, answered Patty; don't be angry with me Madam, if I beg you will let me use my endeavours to supply them. What do you mean, said I, I know the goodness of your disposition, but how have you it in your power? You know Madam, said she, I am pretty expert at my needle; and as our landlady has always abundance of work on her hands, I undertook to assist her, and have for this fortnight past, while I was closely confined to misses room, finished a piece of curious work, for which she has this day paid me thirty shillings. You amaze me, said I, I never saw you employed otherwise than in your attendance on the child. I was afraid you would be displeased Madam, she replied, and always hid my work when you came into the room, which I could easily do, as it was only a fine piece of point which I was grounding; and as I sat up night and

day, I had an opportunity of sticking almost constantly to it, which enabled me to do in a fortnight, what to another hand would be a month's labour. Now Madam, with your leave, I can go on in this manner, and though perhaps I cannot always earn so much, yet I am sure I can still procure enough to prevent your being drove to the necessity of parting with your apparel, till we are in a condition to leave such an expensive place as London is. And do you think my dear Patty, said I, with tears of affection and gratitude in my eyes, that I will consent to take the fruits of your ingenious and honest industry from you? No, no, if you can find time by these means to procure a little supply for your own pocket, do so; but I will not suffer you to expend a farthing of what you can earn, on my account. I saw she looked distressed and confounded; excuse me, Madam, said she, but I have made bold to lay out part of the money already; I thought the poor children would want a little wine to nourish them, and indeed Madam your spirits want some support after your long fatigue. I have

have bought a few bottles of wine, Madam, and some other little necessities, I hope you will not take it ill.

I pressed the affectionate creature's hand; I cannot be angry with you, Patty, for your goodness, but such proofs of it as these distress me more than my wants could. I accept of your kindness for this time, but insist on your not doing such a thing again. If there be occasion for it, I can apply to my needle as well as you, and would sooner do so, than part with any of my things, since it gives you so much uneasiness.

The poor girl was rejoiced at my acceptance of her friendly and tender offer, and produced her little purchase, which was indeed both seasonable and useful.

Nov. 23.—I had this day a letter from Lady V——. I send you a copy of it.

* I condole with you, my dear Mrs. Arnold, on the afflicting loss you sustained in
* your good mother's death. You mention
* not any particular consequences from this
* accident; but I know, that by Lady Bi-

‘dolph’s death, you are deprived of a considerable part of your income, and on this account I have taken the liberty of friendship, to send you a supply, which your family-calls may require, till your affairs are settled upon a better footing.

‘Let me know how you and your brother stand; if he should not be so kind to you as he ought, I insist upon your looking on me as your banker, who know not how to make so good a use of my income, as sharing it with those I love as I do you.

‘I am, &c.’

The supply which Lady V— mentioned, accompanied this letter, and was a bank bill of three hundred pounds.

I own to you, my Cecilia, that my first emotions were only those of joy, surprize, and gratitude, for so unexpected and important a donation; but when those were a little subsided, I began to reflect on the nature, and manner of this noble act of friendship. I know Lady V— is one of the best women living; that she is generous, and compassionate, and has always honoured me

with

with a particular regard; yet I must confess to you, her present now comes to me suspected. I believe I told you, that Lady V— had retired into Lancashire, to live with an only sister she has there: this Lady is a widow, and I have since been informed, was left with a very numerous young family, and an income scarce sufficient to support them genteelly; they are now most of them grown up, and all the girls, of which there are five, unprovided for. Since Lady V—'s departure, I have been told, that it was principally on account of these young girls, of whom she is extremely fond, that she went to reside with her sister, in order to support them more agreeably to their rank; their father having been a general officer, and a man of high birth. Lady V—'s jointure is a thousand pounds a year; but as I hear the family make a respectable figure in the country, and I am sure Lady V—'s fondness for her neices, would induce her to save what she could, in order to leave them something at her death, I cannot reconcile it to her prudence, notwithstanding the liberality of her Spirit, and the friendship she

she has for me, that she should make so considerable a present, and at the same time give me as it were an unbounded letter of credit on her. Had she sent me the sixth part of the sum, I should not have doubted its being only the effects of her kindness towards me; and in her present situation, as considerable a proof of it, as she ought in regard to her family to have given to one whom she has already bound under strong obligations. But the largeness of the sum renders it suspicious; and to tell you the secret inspirations of my heart, I fear it comes from a different quarter.

I made Mrs. Faulkland acquainted with my mother's death, about the same time that I informed Lady V— of it. To neither did I give the most distant hint of my circumstances, yet Mr. Faulkland knows they cannot be happy. He too knows better than any body, how far Sir George's resentment may carry him. Is it not natural then, my dear, to imagine that this man, who is generosity itself, should have taken this method of making Lady V— the channel through which he conveys his liberality? I am sure

it

it must be so. It is three weeks since Lady V— had the notice of my mother's death; Why thought she not sooner of reaching out her supporting hand, if she imagined I stood in need of it? I gave her no cause to believe I did; otherwise I make no question of her ready friendship, as far as her abilities would go: but *she* could not know as well as Mr. Faulkland how much my brother was exasperated against me, and therefore could not suppose me to be as destitute as I really am. She desires to know how my brother and I stand. This question is not *Her's*; Sir George, for his own credit, perhaps has not told Mr. Faulkland what his conduct has been towards me, but he wants to be informed. Contriving man! I will disappoint him; nor shall he heap such obligations on me as must sink me under their weight. I will not receive this suspected gift of Lady V—'s; but it is a delicate point, and, whilst I refuse, I must take care not to offend. I will send Lady V— her bill back again, but in such a manner as to shew her, I refuse her gift for no other reason but its being too valuable.

November

November 24.—See, my Cecilia, whether I have succeeded in my endeavours to refuse, with a good grace, my Lady V—'s offered kindness.

This is my answer to her.

To Lady V—

‘ You oppress me, my dear and ever ho-
‘ noured Lady V—, by a generosity and
‘ friendship that knows no bounds. Why
‘ will you force me to appear proud, or un-
‘ grateful, by refusing the favours of so true
‘ a friend? But, my dear Madam, do not
‘ believe me either the one or the other.
‘ Had you sent me a trifling token of your
‘ love, you would have been convinced of
‘ my respect for you, by the thankfulness
‘ with which I should have accepted it; but
‘ do not seek to humble me so far, my good
‘ Lady V—, by heaping favours on me,
‘ which I can never have a prospect of re-
‘ turning. With equal respect and grati-
‘ tude, permit me, Madam, to return your
‘ too considerable present. I cannot, in
‘ honour, receive a liberality, which I am
‘ so

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‘ so little intitled to ; and the less, as Justice
‘ now demands, that your bounteous heart,
‘ so diffusive in its generosity, should a little
‘ restrain itself.

‘ I cannot say that my circumstances are
‘ as happy as they have been ; yet have I,
‘ I thank Heaven, accommodated my mind
‘ to them. My brother has not been in
‘ town since my mother’s death ; but I am
‘ not without hope that he will make my
‘ situation easy. On this account, I know
‘ my dear Lady V— will the more readily
‘ pardon my refusal of her obliging offer,
‘ and believe that her goodness is not be-
‘ stowed on an unthankful heart.

‘ I am, &c.’

In this letter I re-inclosed her bill, and have sent it off. Did I not well, my Cecilia? If, as I strongly suspect, this present came from Mr. Faulkland, I should never endure myself, had I retained it. If it should have really come from Lady V— herself, I must still approve my own conduct. The sum (circumstanced as she now is) was certainly too much for *her* to bestow,

show, or ~~me~~ to receive; and in the manner of my refusal, I think I have insinuated this, with as much deference for Lady V—'s judgment as I could shew. She will see my motive, and I think that will be a sort of touch-stone, whereby I shall discover, from her behaviour, whether my doubts are well grounded or not. —

Patty has, by her enquiries, heard of a little pleasant retirement in the country, about fifty miles off, where my children and I can be tolerably lodged and boarded for thirty pounds a year, at the house of an honest farmer, a relation of hers; thither I shall repair as soon as my little girls are in a condition to be removed.

[Continued by Patty.]
 Nov. 26. — The dismal task is fallen upon me again, to keep an account of our melancholy days. My dear suffering lady is seized with a fever, and confined to her bed. She orders me, Madam, to write down every thing as it happens. Lord keep us! there is nothing but sorrows in this world. I am sure,

sure, at least, my poor lady has had her full share of them. Her close attendance on the children, and the loss of rest for so many nights, has brought this new affliction on her. Oh, Madam, the loss of health is a grievous thing, even where there are riches: what must it be in my lady's circumstances? But she has the patience of Job himself. To be sure, Madam, her trials are enough to put another beside themselves; but I think my lady's courage encreases with her troubles. I was obliged, to-day, with an aching heart, to dispose of a fine lace head of my lady's. I heard her say, it cost sixty pounds; but, though it never was wet but once, I got but fifteen for it, and this, perhaps, may all go to the doctor, if my lady's illness continues long. What does it signify? We cannot buy health too dear.

Nov. 30.—My lady is better between whiles; the doctor says, her disorder is chiefly on her spirits; and, though it is not dangerous, he is afraid it will be very tedious. Lord! what will become of us if it is?

December

December 3.—My lady has had a letter this day, from Lady V—, which she has ordered me to send you, Madam, a copy of.

To Mrs. Arnold.

‘ You cannot imagine, my dear Mrs. Ar-
‘ nold, how uneasy you have made me, by
‘ your not accepting of the bill I sent you,
‘ because I too well know the occasion you
‘ have for it. But, since you *have* refused
‘ it (and I know the sincerity and strength
‘ of your resolutions) I must not take to
‘ myself the merit of this friendly and ge-
‘ neros offer; too liberal indeed, as you,
‘ with great delicacy, hinted, for *me* to
‘ make. To let you into the secret at once,
‘ and that your gratitude may be directed
‘ to the proper place, it was from our no-
‘ ble friend Mr. Faulkland that I received
‘ that sum, with instructions to send it to
‘ you, as from myself, for he well knows
‘ you would not have accepted it from him;
‘ but, since I see you determined to reject
‘ it, as coming even from me, I think I
‘ ought

‘ ought, in justice to him, to place this act
‘ of friendship to the right account.

‘ I had a letter lately from Mr. Faulk-
‘ land, wherein he tells me, that having
‘ heard, from your correspondence with Mrs.
‘ Faulkland, of Lady Bidulph’s death, he
‘ fears you are, by her loss, rendered ex-
‘ tremely unhappy in your circumstances.
‘ He is not a stranger to the losses you for-
‘ merly sustained in your fortune, and he
‘ says besides, he knows your brother’s warm
‘ temper so well, that he is apprehensive he
‘ will carry an unreasonable resentment he
‘ has taken up so far, as to deny you that
‘ brotherly kindness and assistance, which
‘ you have a right to expect from him. “ If
‘ this should be the case” (he adds) “ what
‘ must be Mrs. Arnold’s situation ?” ‘ He
‘ then conjures me to convey to you that
‘ trifle (as he called it) under the sanction
‘ of my own name, that being the only one
‘ from which he had a hope it would not be
‘ refused ; and he farther said, that if you
‘ should be prevailed upon, on account of
‘ the friendship which he knew there was
‘ between you and me, to accept of my
‘ service,

‘ service, he would contrive, from time
‘ to time, to furnish you with such little
‘ supplies, as might make you easy, till
‘ Sir George and you should be on better
‘ terms. Now, my dear Mrs. Arnold, you
‘ have the truth of this whole affair. I own
‘ it was with great reluctance I lent my
‘ name to impose on you, but, as it was so
‘ much for your benefit, I overcame my
‘ scruple.

‘ I could with your extreme nicety had
‘ not forbid you to accept this offer: I have
‘ reason to be angry with you on this ac-
‘ count; yet my amiable, sagacious friend,
‘ perhaps you had your doubts. Be that as
‘ it will, remember you said you would not
‘ have refused a small token of my love; I
‘ wish I could send you one worthy of your
‘ acceptance, and the love I bear you; we
‘ should then see whose punctilio should get
‘ the better. As it is, I send you a very
‘ small token, which I insist on your taking,
‘ if you have the least occasion for it; if
‘ this should be the case, I know the candour
‘ of your heart, and that you will be too in-
‘ genuous to grieve me by a refusal.

‘ I hope

‘I hope Mr. Faulkland will not be angry
‘with me for betraying his secret; But what
‘would it now avail to keep it? I would
‘have you, as well as myself, know his
‘worth. Oh how I lament — but it is
‘to no purpose — Adieu, my dear good
‘creature! you are tried like fine gold, and
‘your excellence is become the more conspi-
‘cuous by adversity —.

‘I am, &c.’

My Lady's spirits were greatly affected by
reading this letter; she wept bitterly, and
was so cast down all day, I was afraid it
would make her disorder much worse. The
good Lady V — inclosed a bill of fifty
pounds in it. My Lady said she must not
refuse it, but would thank her ladyship
whenever she was able to take a pen in her
hand. God knows when that will be; for
though she struggles with her illness, it still
gets the mastery. The two young misses
mend but slowly; they do not gather the
least strength, and one of them has such a
weakness in her eyes that she cannot bear
the least light. Indeed, Madam, this is a
I most

most melancholy family. I pray to God night and day to keep me in my health, more for their sakes than my own; for I think it would quite break my heart if they should want my attendance, and I should not be able to give it to them. —

December 6.—I write on, Madam, as I am ordered, though I have but little to say, in the confinement of a dismal sick room, where I never see any body but a doctor and an apothecary: but my lady is unwilling to let this packet go, till she is able herself to tell you (with her own hand) that she is better, for fear my dull account should make you uneasy.

December 7.—There is such changes and turns in my lady's disorder, that we do not know what to make of it. One while we think she is a little better, and then again the next hour she seems much worse than before. The doctor would have a consultation, though my lady is quite against it; but these doctors love to bring in one another. My Lady V——'s present came in
good

good time, but if they go on at this rate it will not last long. My lady said to me to-day, Patty one would think that I was of great consequence, and mighty happy, by this bustle to preserve my life ; but there is the tie (pointing to the two children) ; for their sakes I must try to get well.

[After an interval of six weeks written by Mrs. Arnold in a hand scarce legible.]

January 20.—Restored at length by the mercy of God from the jaws of death ! restored to my children, to my dear Cecilia, and just able to tell her with a feeble hand that her Sidney lives. —

January 25.—I am now able, my dear, to reassume that task, once the most pleasing of my life, when health, joy, and prosperity gilded all my days. The scene is now changed ; and I think I have nothing the same about me, but the feelings and affections of my mind. You cannot imagine, my Cecilia, how I am altered ; you would not now say, that you envied my white and red ; you would hardly know me, and it is

not to be wondered at, preyed on as I have been for near two months by a slow but tormenting fever. It is with difficulty that I hold my pen, but my willing hand obeys my heart when it would pour itself out to thee. I have made a shift to scrawl a few lines to my good Lady V—, to thank her for her kindness. I could not refuse it! it would indeed have been disingenuous, considering the footing on which she put my acceptance of it. I should have been driven to extreme streights, if it had not been for her present, confined as long as I have been to the languishing bed of sickness.

January 26.—Patty heard to-day that my brother has been in town some time, but he takes no notice of me. I have not a relation in the world but himself. He could not sure be so cruel, if he knew all. But Lady Sarah keeps it from him; she thinks perhaps I am sunk into some obscure corner, where she leaves me to distress. Sir George is not of a savage nature, yet his humanity is not strong enough to seek out the afflicted. His pride too I know is gratified

gratified by having me out of the way of observation, and so long as I do not call upon him, I find he will not enquire after me.

The winter is now so far advanced, and I am in a condition so extremely weak, that I cannot, till the spring advances a little, think of taking my flight to my peaceful retreat in the country. I look eagerly forward to the time of my enlargement; such I may call it, for indeed, my dear, my spirits are quite exhausted with my long confinement in a little close lodging in this irksome town.

January 27. — The gentlewoman with whom I lodged in St. Alban's-street, told Patty, who went to her house to-day to enquire if there were any letters for me, that there have been, at different times, several people of my former acquaintance to look for me; but I do not find that one enquiry has come from my brother. I had given the gentlewoman instructions not to tell any stranger where I lodged. I believe this caution was needless, there are few who

give themselves the trouble to trace out the steps of the unhappy; and I dare say, that those whom common form obliged to pay me a visit of condolence on my mother's death, were none of them much hurt at the disappointment of not finding me.—

January 30.—I have been laying down a little sort of plan for my future life. I told you the terms I could live upon with the farmer whom Patty found out for me; but as I cannot expect to be boarded at so cheap a rate when my children are grown bigger, I have been devising the means how to enlarge my scanty income against the time that our wants must necessarily increase; for I am firmly resolved my kind Lady V— shall never augment the debt I already owe her. You know, my dear, I am pretty dexterous at my needle; the woman where I lodge deals in embroidery, which is much in fashion, and I think I have not seen any, though she pays largely to her artificers in this way, equal to some pieces of my own work. Now, my Cecilia, I have resolved to apply myself to this when
I get

I get into the country. I shewed the woman a small fire-skreen wrought by me when I was a girl, the same which I remember my poor Mr. Arnold accused me of neglecting for my Horace, and which had never been made up; she said the work was so curious, that she would give any price for such a hand. Patty is well skilled in this sort of work too, and as I find she is determined not to quit me, I must, in return, endeavour not to let the poor girl be too great a sufferer for her kindness.

I think we shall between us be able to do a good deal, and my landlady has promised to receive and dispose of our work for a small consideration, as fast as we can send it to her; which we shall have constant opportunities of doing.

You cannot imagine how pleased I am with my scheme. Patty is in raptures at the thoughts of her being permitted to continue with me. I would even now set about my project if my health would allow me; but alas! my Cecilia, I am still so feeble, I am not able to sit up more than an hour or two at a time; and cannot walk

a-cross my narrow room without help. Fresh air and a little gentle exercise would I am sure, more than any thing, contribute to restore my strength; but the means to procure these, are not conveniently within my power; so that I must wait that slow, but generally sure remedy, patience.

February 10.—I have a wonderful incident to relate to you! you, my Cecilia, I know will join with me in admiring and praising God for his gracious providence!

This morning I was but just risen and got down into my little parlour, when Patty came to tell me, a man desired to speak with me. I immediately ordered him to be admitted. Patty accordingly introduced the person, who had stood in the entry while she was speaking to me. He seemed to be a man between forty and fifty years old, mean in his apparel, though clean. I nodded to my maid to leave the room, which when she had done, I civilly demanded of the stranger his business.

I was standing when he entered the room,
and

and continued doing so while I spoke to him, not thinking from his appearance that he was intitled to sit down with me. You know I am not proud, but there is a sort of usage establiſhed, which we naturally fall into. The man who had advanced some steps into the room, looked over his ſhoulder as if for a chair; ſo I underſtood the motion, and accordingly ſat down myſelf, and bad him do ſo too. He did, and with an air as if he conſidered the civility to be only what was due to him.

I believe, Madam, ſaid he, though you do not remember me, that you cannot be ignorant of your having had a relation of the name of Warner, who went to the Weſt-Indies about five and twenty years ago. I answered, I do remember to have heard of ſuch a perſon.

You ſee that unfortunate man before you, he replied; I am your near relation, Madam, your father was my mother's only brother: I have been very unhappy, I loſt, in my return to England, what almoſt five and twenty years induſtry had ſcraped together: the ſum was but a moderate

derate one, yet sufficient to have supported me decently for the remainder of my life. I asked him, how it happened? I began, said he, to grow sickly abroad, and was told that my native air might restore me. This advice so well agreed with my own inclinations, which were, for a long time past, bent upon returning home, that I took the first opportunity of a ship bound for England; but we were unluckily met by a French privateer, who stripped me of every thing but the cloaths on my back, and set me on shore on the coast of Spain, whence I begged my passage to England, having nothing to support me but a few shillings, part of a collection, made for me and my fellow-sufferers, amongst some English gentlemen.

Whilst he spoke, I thought I could discover a likeness in his face to my father. He was reckoned extremely to resemble his sister, the mother of this unhappy Mr. Warner; she was a fine woman, and I had seen her picture. His story was credible; and I had no reason to doubt the truth of what he said.

And

And here I will give you a brief account of what occasioned this unfortunate relation to be thus long an alien from his family.

His mother, as you have just now heard, was my father's sister, who threw her person and her fortune away upon a broken officer. This act disobliged my father so much, that from the time of her marriage, to the hour of her death, he never would see her. Her husband died, when this their only child was about nine years old; the poor mother survived him but a short time, and the orphan boy was left to my father's mercy. I have often heard him say he was very unlucky, and never could be persuaded into a love of his book; he was, however, put to school, and my father bestowed the same expence on his education, as if he had been his own son. When he was about sixteen years old, as he wrote a good hand, and had a great capacity for figures, he bound him apprentice to a merchant, in which situation he had been above a year, (and during that time he had made several elopements, and was with difficulty reconciled to his master, through my father's mediation)

diation) when he committed such a misdemeanour in his master's family as obliged him to abscond. Accordingly he stole, unknown to any body, on board a ship bound to the West-Indies, of which his master was partly owner, where he hid himself, and nobody could tell what was become of him, 'till my father, about nine months after his departure, received a letter from him, dated from Jamaica, wherein he begged pardon of him, and his master, for his elopement, told him, that he had been taken into a merchant's compting-house, and declared, that he meant, by his diligence and good behaviour, to make amends for his past ill conduct. This was the only letter my father or any of his friends ever had from him. He answered it, but had no return; nor could he, from repeated enquiries, made two or three years after, learn any thing of him; so that all his relations concluded him dead.

These particulars I had heard before from my father, and his relation perfectly agreeing with them in every circumstance, I could have no doubt but that he was the man.

man. Sir, said I, I very well remember to have heard your story; your likeness to my father, who was the image of your mother, leaves me no room to question your being the Mr. Warner, of whom I have so often heard: you are indeed my near relation, and it grieves my heart to see you in such distress; and the more so, as I have not the ability I could wish to assist you; but we will talk over more particulars after breakfast. I rang the bell, and ordered Patty to get some coffee. While we were at breakfast, I asked my new-found kinsman by what means he had discovered me so soon? (for, by the way, I should have told you that he said he had been arrived but two days in London). He answered, that one of the English gentlemen, who had been kind to him at Cadiz, had given him a letter to a gentleman in London, for whom he was to leave it at a coffee-house in Pall-mall; that as he was delivering it, he perceived another letter lying on the bar, directed to Sir George Bidulph. The two names struck him, remembering them to be those of his cousin. His un-

cle, he supposed, was dead; but he determined to enquire who that gentleman was, and if he found it to be my brother, to apply to him for assistance. He had soon an opportunity of being satisfied; my brother happened to come in his chariot to the door, just as Mr. Warner was going out; he knew the arms, and had some recollection even of his features. It was past three o'clock, said he, and I heard Sir George direct his servant home. I concluded he was going to dinner, and that the morning was the properest time to call on him, and having informed myself where he lived, I accordingly went yesterday morning.

He stopped, and sipped his coffee for some time without speaking.

And did you see him, Sir? Yes, Madam, I saw him, and heard him too. He has got a fine house, and seems to have every thing very elegant about him. When I was let into the hall, I desired the footman to acquaint his master that a Gentleman, newly arrived from the West-Indies, wanted to speak with him, being commissioned by Mr. Warner, a relation of his, to enquire after him. The footman went up
stairs,

stairs, and returning presently, asked me if I brought a letter from the gentleman I mentioned. I said, No, but I had something to say to him.

The servant, after delivering this message, came half way down the first flight of the stairs, and leaning over the banisters, he bid me walk up. I found your brother, and his lady (I suppose) in her dressing-room, at breakfast. There was tea and chocolate on the table. I bowed very respectfully; the lady scarce moved her head; your brother said, Your servant, Sir, and viewed me from head to foot, but fixed his eyes earnestly on my face. The footman who introduced me had withdrawn. Sir, said I, have you quite forgot me? I remember you well. He answered hesitatingly, and with a change of countenance that boded me no good, I protest, Sir,—I—I know nothing of you. ‘Have you forgot your cousin Ned Warner?’ He looked at his wife, and she at him; he forced a smile at her, which she returned, without knowing for what. ‘I do remember there was such a one related to the family, whom we all supposed to be dead, as for recollect-
ing

'ing his person — 'tis really so long ago —
' that I — can't say I do.' All this while
he let me stand; he was lolling in an easy
chair, and had a dish of chocolate in his
hand, of which he sipped and spoke to me
by turns. His wife was feeding a monkey
that was perched on her shoulder.

I am indeed more altered than you, Sir
George; the hardships which I have under-
gone, and my long residence in a warmer
climate, may readily account for that; but
have you no traces of my features? No re-
collection of my voice? I have carried you
many times in my arms. 'Sir, I do not
' dispute the *identity* of your person, but I
' should be glad to know your commands
' with me'. *Commands* I have none, Sir:
the poor must entreat, not command.

I then proceeded to tell him my unhappy
story in the same words I just now gave it
to you. His lady seemed not to mind me,
but kept talking to her marmouset. He
listened to me, but with so much impati-
ence in his looks, as quite abashed me. I
was still standing, but a little to take off
the

the awkwardness of my posture, I had ventured to rest one arm on the back of a chair.

When I had done speaking, your brother got up in a violent passion, to which he seemed to have been working himself up during the time I took to explain myself. He whisked away the chair on which I was leaning, and walked to the other end of the room; then turning to his lady, Is not this a pretty fellow to force his way in upon us, by a sham story of a message from a relation? and now truly, by way of an agreeable surprize he turns out to be that very relation come a begging in his own proper person. Sir, said I, I ask your pardon for the liberty I took to gain admittance to you; but you will be the more inclined to excuse me, if you please to consider that it was out of respect to you that I would not in the mean appearance I now make, acknowledge myself to any of your servants; for the same reason I imagined, that had I not sent a message which I was in hopes would have a little interested you in my favour, I might have been ordered to send up my business by your footman, which would
I thought

I thought have been quite improper. You might have writ, said he, interrupting me. Ah Sir, (shaking my head) if I *had* — and I stopped short. ‘You might not have been much the better for it, Is that what you would say?’ (with a contemptuous half sneer.) In short, Sir, I can do nothing for you; what is it that you expect I *should* do?’ I do not mean to be a burden on you Sir, I replied, I was bred to business, I write a good hand, and understand accounts. I hope to get into some merchant’s house; but in the mean time I am starving. I am an utter stranger here, though in my own country. I observed he had slipped his hand into his breeches pocket, and seemed to be feeling for a bit of money. Sir George, said the lady (who had observed him as well as I) ’tis to no purpose to give any thing to these sort of people; assist one, and They will send another to you, and so there is no end to such claims. Your brother withdrew his hand from his pocket, as if checked by his lady’s looks. ‘Sir, it is not in my power to assist you.’ I then asked him if you were living, and where

where I could find you? for though you were not born when I left England, I heard afterwards that Sir Robert Bidulph had a daughter. Your brother replied peevishly he knew nothing of you as you preferred the friendship of strangers to that of your relations. He then rang the bell, and calling his man to dress him went out of the room without casting a look at me. I ventured to ask his lady your name (if you had changed it) and where you lived. She told me your name, but said she knew not where you lodged, adding I might spare myself the trouble of enquiring you out, for to her knowledge you could do nothing for me.

I took my leave, but enquiring of a footman whom I found in the hall, he directed me to St. Alban's Street where you formerly lodged. I went there, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail on the woman of the house to tell me where you now lived; but my necessities made me urgent, and I waited on you this morning, Madam, to make my distress known to you; but I am afraid the information I had from your sister-in-law concerning you has
but

but too much truth in it. As he spoke this he cast his eyes round my meanly furnished parlour, looked at the poor equipage of my tea-table, and again sipped his unfinished and now cold dish of coffee.

Sir, said I, when my sister informed you that I was poor, it is certain she spoke truth; I am not however, I thank God, *so* poor, but that I can spare you a little; if you will take a cheap lodging near me, I will supply you with enough to pay for it; and if you can eat as I and my little family do, you shall be welcome to us every day till something can be done for you. I see but very few people, but I will speak to such as come in my way to try to have you recommended to some one for employment. I then put my hand in my pocket, and taking out five shillings (all the silver I had) I put it into his hand: Sir, you may owe some little trifle where you have slept these two nights, I fear your lodging has been but poor, but if this will not discharge it tell me freely.

He suffered me to drop the shillings into his unclosed hand. He fixed his eyes eagerly

gerly on my face, but instead of replying to what I said, he only cried out, Good God! good God! and undoing two or three buttons at his breast, he sobbed as if his bosom was bursting. I was affected with his gratitude, and tried to disperse the tears that mounted to my eyes. I wish I could weep, said he, but I can't; and may those be the last tears that ever you shall have occasion to shed! my worthy, my generous, my pious relation! God forgive me for trying such a heart, but I will reward it, amply will I reward your goodness.

He then drew a red letter-case out of his bosom, and, opening it, he put a bill into my hand for two thousand pounds on the bank of England. Think, my dear, how I stared at such a vision! Sir, you amaze me! was all I could say. I beg your pardon for deceiving you, said he, but it was with a good intent. I suppose it is needless to tell you that I am not that poor forlorn wretch that I represented myself to you. Hear the real truth of my circumstances. You see before you (of a private man) one
of

of the richest subjects in these dominions. You have heard that my setting-out was no other than that of a common writing-clerk in a merchant's counting-house at Jamaica; from whence I wrote twice to your father, but never had any answer. I interrupted him to tell him, I had heard my father say, he had got one letter from him, and had writ to him in return, and afterwards made many enquiries after him without success. Perhaps he might, said he, but I never received it, nor heard of any enquiries made, which piqued me so, that I resolved never to write again. In a little time I made myself so useful to my master that he grew exceedingly fond of me; and having no heir but an only daughter, who it seems had conceived an inclination for me, though without my suspecting it, but which her father had by some means discovered, he frankly made an offer of her to me in marriage; with an assurance of leaving me all that he was worth at his decease, and an immediate proffer of entering into partnership with him. The only return he required on my part, was to change my name,
and

and assume his, which was Collet. I made no scruple of complying; for though my regard to the young lady had never risen to what is commonly called love, I yet thought her in all respects an unexceptionable match. I married her; my patron punctually fulfilled his promise, and at the end of three years I found myself by his death in possession of a considerable estate. The following year I lost my wife in childbed of her first child, who died with its mother. The changing my name was probably the occasion of my not being found out by those employed to enquire after me; and I perhaps ought now to acknowledge myself careless in not acquainting my friends with my good fortune.

I had such uncommon success in trade that my wealth increased amazingly. In about five years after the decease of my first wife, I married the widow of a merchant, with whom I got an immense fortune. This lady I truly loved. She was an amiable creature. I had one son by her, a fine youth, and we lived happily together for twelve years; at the end of which

which it pleased God to take from me both wife and child. Poor man! his tears began to flow here. He proceeded. After this loss my own life began to grow tiresome to me; I had more riches than I knew what to do with, and had nobody to leave them to; my health began to decline; I grew weary of the place, and resolved, partly to divert my melancholy, and partly through affection to my native country, to see England once more. I settled my affairs in the best manner, sent considerable sums of money over before me, and brought a large one with me. During my voyage the whim took me, that I would enquire privately after your family, and present myself to you as I have done, in order to make tryal of your dispositions, resolving, according as I found you worthy of it, to share my fortune amongst you, as I knew I had no other relations in the world.

I have been in England above a month. The first thing I did was to go down into Wiltshire, where I was soon informed that your father and mother were dead, and that your brother was married and resided for the most

most part in London; you, I was told, had been married and was a widow, but I could learn no more about you. On my return to town I soon found where your brother lived, and had the pleasure to hear a good character of him; but I had determined to make my own experiment on him, and I did intend, had he received me ever so kindly, to have made the same experiment on you, before I disclosed my plot to either of you.

I dressed myself in these old cloaths on purpose, and what the success of my scheme has been you know. Your brother, narrow-hearted, inhuman wretch, I blot forever from my thoughts: it will be the better for you, though I have more than enough for you both.

Your kindness, I tell you again, my valuable relation, I will repay an hundred-fold. Accept of that bill in your hand for your present use. I am sure you want it; and accept of it only as an earnest of my future friendship towards you. That brother, in affluence himself, who could see his sister, *such* a sister want, must have lost
all

all regard to ties of blood, and 'tis no wonder that I, so much further removed in kindred, met with such treatment at his hands.

See, my Cecilia, what an amazing turn of fortune ! what could I do but lift up my eyes, as I did my heart, in silent adoration of that God who is a father to the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widow !

It was some time before I could frame my mind to discourse on ordinary subjects. I gratefully accepted my cousin's noble present. He enquired minutely into my situation ; there was no need of concealing any thing from him, nor did I attempt it. He was very inquisitive as to my brother's behaviour towards me. I told him the whole of it ; he was even bitter in his invectives against him, and Lady Sarah. But, said he, I will have my revenge on them ; I will make you triumph over him, and that proud upstart his wife. What lodgings you are in my poor dear creature ! Is this your best room ? I told him I had nothing but that and a bed-chamber where the children and I lay, and a closet for my maid. He desired to see the children, and
I had

I had them both brought in. He kissed them tenderly; poor babes! you have a cursed uncle, but you have a very good mama, and I will take care of you all.

I will dine with you to-morrow, said he; let us eat a comfortable morsel together, and for your life not a word of what has past to any body. He then took an affectionate leave of me and departed.—Let me here lay down my pen, and wonder at my fate!

I have got into a flow of spirits, my dear. What scenes of happiness might now open upon me, if happiness consisted in riches alone? but no, no, it does not. My heart, broken by vexation, cannot recover its tranquillity so soon. Yet is there room for joy, joy springing from a rational, from a humane, from a commendable motive; and I will a little indulge it. I can now in part return the vast obligation I owe Mr. Faulkland, as far at least as relates to pecuniary debts. I can now repay many-fold the kindness of my good lady V—. I can provide for my affectionate worthy Patty. I have the delightful prospect of giving my

children an education suitable to their birth; and, if my life is prolonged, of seeing them honourably and happily settled in the world. I shall have the glorious power of diffusing benefits! Oh, my dear, 'tis good for me that I have been in trouble, it has so enlarged my charity, that I feel transports which prosperity is a stranger to, at the bare idea of having it in my power to succour the afflicted. Who would not suffer adversity to have the heart so improved?

February 11.—My new-found relation dined with me to-day according to promise. Patty had provided two dishes of the best things in season, and dressed them admirably; I need not tell you in what satisfaction Mr. Warner and I enjoyed our little chearful meal. He had sent me in the morning a hamper of excellent wine, and seemed to relish his bottle with an extraordinary good goust.

When Patty had carried the children upstairs, and we were left alone, he told me that he had been that morning looking out for a house for me; you must quit these lodgings

lodgings directly, and submit a little to my management; for I *will* mortify your paltry brother and his wife. You shall have as handsome a house as his, and better furnished too, or I'll know why. You must know I mean to set you out like a dutchess, and you shall roll by that worthless puppy's door in a better equipage than his minx is carried in. But I do not intend to live with you as well as I love you; for though I am an old weatherbeaten fellow, you are young and handsome, and the world I know is full of scandal. I shall therefore content myself with a lodging some where in your neighbourhood, and come and see you now and then. I thanked him for the prudence of his consideration, but begged he would restrain his generosity, and suffer me to live in that moderate state, which, if I had ever so much riches, would be my choice. Don't oppose me coz; said he, pray don't. I *must* have my way in this, I have set my heart upon it. You shall *blaze* for a while at least; when I have had my revenge, you may live as you please afterwards. I was unwilling to contradict

him in his odd humour, yet was very much afraid of the consequences of *blazing*, as he called it, all at once. But dear Sir, said I, what will the world think of my emerging thus from obscurity into the splendour you talk of? though you do not live with me, as I am still young, may it not give room for censure? busy people will pry into the source from whence I draw my affluence, and envy will not be backward in putting wrong constructions on an appearance by which it will be so much excited.

He listened, looking me earnestly in the face; then nodding his head, with a very grave countenance said, You are a sensible woman coz, and I commend your prudence, but I must have my will for all that. I could not forbear smiling at his manner; and going on, if said I, I were to enter again into public life with a moderately genteel appearance only, nobody's curiosity would be excited, as it might easily be supposed that my brother had enabled me to support a decent figure in the world—I soon found that I had made use of a wrong argument, which put my friend into a violent

lent passion. A fiddle-stick for you and your brother too, said he ; do you think I will let that whelp have the credit of what I mean to do for you ? no, no, let your heart at rest about that ; what I do, all the world shall know, and my reasons for it too. I'll have my own way ; there is no hurt I hope in providing for a near kinswoman, that is left to starve by a still nearer relation. I make you my heir, look you, and I'll spread it all over the town. Is there any harm in that ? God knows I have no more ill in my heart than one of your children ; but I am a little resenting may be, so say no more of it. I found Mr. Warner was pretty positive, therefore thought it the wisest way to insist no farther upon the argument ; but told him I would submit intirely to his discretion. It will be best for you, said he ; consider me as your father, and I will *be* a father to you. He then told me that he had been trying to get a house for me near my brothers, that I might *nose* him as he called it ; but that as there were none empty in the square, he had fixed on a very handsome one in an adjoining street.

I did not like the furniture, said he, so I ordered it out, and have bespoke new of an upholster, who promises me, in a week or ten days at farthest, to have every thing completely fitted up. In the mean time I can't bear too see you in this sorry room ; poor soul ! how long have you been here ? I told him near four months, and that, with his permission, I would continue in these lodgings till the house was ready, as it was not worth while to change them for so short a time. Well, said he, you may do as you will for that ; I'll see that every thing is to your satisfaction. He took his leave with an affectionate shake by the hand.

How miraculous is all this, my dear ! this messenger of good tidings, is he not sent to me by providence ? as I found he intended not to make a secret of his designs in my favour, I was in haste to divulge the joyful news to my friends. I have accordingly writ to my Lady V—, giving her an account of the wonderful revolution in my affairs ; and I intend, as soon as I can fix upon some curious present worth her acceptance, to make her a large return for her

her favours. I have also acquainted Mrs. Faulkland of the happy turn in my fortune, and I design a magnificent present for her as soon as I have time to prepare it. To neither of these ladies have I hinted at my brother's behaviour, either to myself, or Mr. Warner. I have made the good woman, with whom I lodge, stare wonderfully at the relation. I could get nothing from her but exclamations of astonishment, her hands and eyes lifted up, 'Good God! ' Lord bless us! what strange things come ' about! what luck *some* people are born ' to! and this was your *own, own* cousin that ' you never set eyes on before? my goodness, what a swarthy gentleman he is! but ' tumbling in gold I warrant him. It ' would be long before such good fortune ' would happen to me, though I have a ' cousin beyond seas too'. I could plainly see that this poor woman envied my prosperity, though she tried to congratulate me; but it is the less to be wondered at, as she knew not that I was born to any better prospect, than that of working for my bread in a two pair of stairs room.

February 15.—I have not seen my honest kinsman these four days ; but he sent me a note to inform me that he was busy in seeing every thing put in order in my new house ; and that he abstained from visiting me out of *discretion* ; this word he marked, the more to impress his full meaning. He says I shall not see any thing till all is ready, neither has he yet so much as told me the street where I am to live. I find he *will*, as he himself says, have his own way.

February 22.—Now my Cecilia I may reasonably hope that my afflictions are at an end : as far as wealth can promote felicity, that felicity is mine.

I had just settled with my landlady, and having paid her for her lodgings, made her a present, a little to reconcile her to my prosperity, when a new chariot most superbly gilt stopped at my door ; a black and a white footman in rich laced liveries behind it. One of these brought me a note from Mr. Warner, who informed me that he had sent my *own* equipage to carry me home

home, where I should find him waiting to welcome me to my *own* house.

Patty seemed to have got wings to her feet; she flew up to me with the welcome notice, and begged of me to observe from the window, that the servants were in our own family livery; with this difference, that the lace was silver instead of what we used to give.

On expressing my surprise at this, Patty told me that Mr. Warner had, at his second visit, enquired of her, as she let him out, what liveries we used to give, but bid her not mention it to me; which she said she would not do, as she guessed he meant to surprise me. But this was not all, he had been so minutely correct, as to have the Arnold arms in a lozenge elegantly painted on the doors; what these were, he was at the pains of informing himself elsewhere. My Patty almost frantick with joy hurried the two children down stairs, and stuck them up in the chariot, telling them both it was their own as she put them into it; but the poor babes fell a crying, and were not to be pacified by the novelty or finery

of the thing till I came to them. She staid behind to send our little baggage after us, and I drove to my new house in Pall-mall; where I found my generous benefactor waiting, as he had promised, to receive me.

Oh my dear, he is a princely man! such grandeur, such elegance! he led me thro' every room, where wealth and magnificence were displayed even to profusion. From top to bottom there is not the smallest article wanting that luxury itself can imagine. The carpets, skreens, cabinets, and an abundance of fine china, are beyond comparison more beautiful than any thing of the kind I have ever seen. 'Tis but eleven days since my kinsman mentioned his design to me, and you must believe he has been indefatigable in his diligence, since he has left nothing for me to do, but at once to take possession of this splendid mansion. All the necessary domesticks are hired, and ready in their respective stations; and I am already as much settled in a few hours, as if I had lived here so many years.

Mr. Warner told me that as a trifle would not be sufficient to keep up every thing in
propor-

proportionable state about me, he intended to allow me three thousand pounds a year. This appointment, said he, you are to consider as your own property, and just call upon me as you would on your steward. I am sure you will employ it well, you gave me a proof of that in *your five shillings*. You need not be afraid of being too profuse in your charities; when I die you will find yourself possessed of the means of continuing them.

Dear sir, said I, long may you live to feel and rejoice in the blessings which *your* bounty will, through me, I hope, draw down on us both. I leave you to enjoy yourself, said he; but I am impatient till your brother knows what he has lost by his hard-heartedness. He cannot long be ignorant of it, Sir, replied I; but indeed I flatter myself that he is not quite so much to blame in regard to me, as we have both imagined. You see he seemed to know nothing of my situation when you enquired after me, and even threw out something like a reproach for my having withdrawn myself without acquainting him where I

was; I am very sure lady Sarah never informed him of my having applied to her — It was his duty to have enquired you out, said he, did he not know you were poor? He knew, said I, that my circumstances were very much streightned, but he did not know *how* much. Well, well, answered Mr. Warner, it is good in you to excuse him, but *I* know him to be a narrow-hearted poltroon. He took his leave, and said he would see me soon again, having taken lodgings for himself in my neighbourhood.

February 23.—I begin to doubt, my Cecilia, whether I am really awake or not! 'Tis all enchantment! I am afraid my old kinsman is a wizard I have been talking to, and examining my servants, to see if they are real living people, or only phantoms; I look at, and handle the rich furniture of my apartments to try if it be substantial!—'Tis all so—every thing real—I beg my cousin's pardon for suspecting him of forcery; I believe he deals in no charms, but that all-powerful one—money.

Now

Now my sister what a spacious field is there opened before me! Three thousand pounds a year! how many hearts will it be in my power to make glad! and I will make many glad.

‘ O Lord God, who hast showered down
 ‘ thy blessings in abundance on my head,
 ‘ vouchsafe me such a portion of thy grace,
 ‘ that I may become an humble instrument
 ‘ of thy mercy, to those whom the rod of
 ‘ adversity has laid in the dust. Teach me
 ‘ so to use this thy bounteous favour, that
 ‘ *Thy* honour, not *my* worldly desires may
 ‘ be promoted; that *Thy* praise, not *my*
 ‘ pride may be exalted. And if, O Lord,
 ‘ thou hast chosen me to be the dispenser of
 ‘ thy fatherly kindness to the afflicted that
 ‘ cry unto thee, quicken in my heart such
 ‘ diligence, humility, and integrity, as
 ‘ may render me not unworthy of the im-
 ‘ portant trust. But if, O my God! thou
 ‘ hast sent riches only to be a trial of my
 ‘ strength, unsupported by thee; be mer-
 ‘ ciful, take them from me, and restore to
 ‘ me

‘ me that poverty, which first taught me to
‘ know myself.’

Upon my knees I have poured out this prayer to the Almighty, and it is the fervent wish of my soul that he would grant it.

February 26.—You will smile, my dear, as I did, in pity of the meanness of poor Lady Sarah; but proud people are always mean. I have been here but four days, yet I find she has already heard of my metamorphosis. Indeed she could hardly do otherwise, so near her as I am. Mr. Warner has been very urgent with me to drive out in my new chariot; this I readily complied with, as both the children and I wanted air and exercise, and yesterday we drove to Hyde-Park. I did not however go at the hour when there is most company, but I conclude I was seen either by Lady Sarah herself, or by some one who told her; for this morning, prodigious! she sent her woman to me with a message. I had her called up stairs, and enquired very civilly after my brother and his lady.

She

She told me that Lady Sarah sent her humble service to me, and was very much surprised that she had not heard from me in so long a time; that she supposed I was gone out of town, but as Sir George seemed uneasy that I never wrote to him, her ladyship had sent her to enquire for me at my old lodgings in the Hay-Market, from whence she had been directed to me here; and that she was ordered to tell me that her lady had talked to my brother about the affair that I knew of, and that Sir George would act agreeably to her request, if I would call or write a line to him.

I found the woman had been instructed to feign an entire ignorance on her lady's part of the change in my circumstances, but I was resolved to let her see I had detected this paltry artifice. I could observe that the servant, though she endeavoured to avoid it, eyed every thing in my apartment with surprise and curiosity; and I concluded that Lady Sarah had sent her for no other purpose, but to satisfy herself from her maid's account, whether the report she had heard concerning me was true. Tell your lady,
said

said I, she needed not to have been at the pains of framing such a message to have gratified her curiosity ; my house is open to any one who has a mind to look at it, even to Lady Sarah herself. You shall see it all over, and may report to her ladyship what my cousin Warner's bounty has done for me ; and she may then judge whether I stand in need of the assistance she now pretends to offer me. The woman looked abashed, and though she seemed inclined to ask questions, was ashamed to do so. This was that very servant who had so unceremoniously led me up the back stairs when I went to visit her lady ; but I appeared in a quite different light to her now : I rang the bell and ordered a footman to *shew her the house*. She curtsied in silence, and withdrew.

What a poor creature is Lady Sarah ! Mr. Warner called upon me before her woman went away. I told him the whole passage. Oh ! how he chuckled, and rejoiced, shrugging his shoulders, and rubbing his hands ! He wanted to see the servant, but I was afraid he would be too
strong

strong in his insults, and turned him from the point.

He told me, he invited himself to dine with me; and accordingly he favoured me with his company, and staid during the greatest part of the evening. He is a man of a strong natural sense, though he is careless of improving it. He has passed his life in business, and in acquiring riches. He does not let me into the particulars of these, though he is in other respects very communicative and entertaining. There is a whimsical vein runs through his conversation. He now, for the first time, desired me to give him the particulars of my life from my childhood, which he had but a partial account of, at different times, from myself. I took up my story at the earliest period of my life, wherein any thing interesting had occurred, and traced every circumstance minutely to the hour he first saw me.

I could easily see that he had a tender sympathizing heart, for he was moved to tears more than once during my relation; nor was he ashamed of them, for he suffered them

them to run down his cheeks, whilst he listened with mute attention to my story. He praised Mr. Faulkland highly, said he was a man after his own heart, and deserved the best woman in the world. I wish you had married him, said he, such a princely fellow deserves a princely fortune. He owned my brother had some reason to be nettled at my refusal of such a man. Our sex, said he, have not such *chimæra* notions as you women have; but still that does not excuse his fordidness.

I took this opportunity of telling Mr. Warner that my brother did not really know the very great distress I was in, and that I had reason to believe, from the general tenor of Lady Sarah's character, that she had either concealed it from him, or made misrepresentations of my case; doubtless she had not informed him to what streights I was reduced immediately upon my mother's death; and who knows but Sir George, having left me for a while to feel the effects of that resentment, with which he had threatened me in his last letter, still meant to shew himself a brother; for if he were
ignorant

ignorant, as I am willing to believe, of that particular which I have mentioned, he could not suppose that I was driven to absolute want; and from Lady Sarah's insinuations, perhaps he thought that my mother left a sum of money behind her. He knew not of the illness that my children and I were visited with; and indeed it appears to me, from what he hinted to yourself, that he was quite unacquainted with my situation.

To say the truth, my Cecilia, as you know I am of a placable disposition, I should be glad to be on good terms with my brother, the only relation (my kinsman excepted) that I have in the world. I was willing therefore, if possible, a little to reconcile Mr. Warner to him; as I durst not, without his permission, seek a reconciliation with Sir George.

There *may* be something in what you say, Coz, answered my friend; perhaps he had a mind to let you bite on the bridle for a while, and I am willing to suppose with you, that hereafter, may be, he would have given you some dirty trifle; for a generous thing I am sure he is not capable of, from
his

his fordidness to me. I found this stuck most with the good man. Oh, Sir, said I, but consider Lady Sarah's influence stepped in *there* too. My brother, you acknowledge, *was* going to give you something, 'till she interposed. — Half a crown, I suppose said he: To say the truth, I believe she is the worst of the two. She has a great deal of pride, Sir, answered I; she has communicated some of it to my brother; probably he was mortified and disconcerted at the sight of so near a relation, in his wife's presence, whose exterior appearance could do him no credit; perhaps, had you applied privately to him, he would have behaved better. You have not much worldly wisdom, replied my cousin, to excuse him thus; however, I think the better of you for it, whatever I may do of him. But speak honestly now, don't you want to be friends with Sir George, that he and his wife may have an opportunity of seeing you in all your finery? As I knew Mr. Warner's temper, I was resolved to humour him in it, and thought I could not give my desire of seeing my brother a better

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ter turn than this, to one of my kinsman's disposition. To deal openly with you, Sir, said I, I think our triumph over Lady Sarah will not be complete, unless she herself is a witness of that high fortune, of which she might have been a partaker, had it not been for her own meanness of spirit. And to be sincere with you, my Cecilia, I did think Lady Sarah deserved this mortification, though it did not so far influence me as to make me desirous of being on terms with her: as for my brother, I was governed by no other motive than affection towards him.

Well, said Mr. Warner, suppose you were to invite them both to dine with you, and to have me at table, handsomely dressed out (for I can dress fine when I please) and let them see that the man, who was not thought worthy to sit down in their presence, they had better have used with more ceremony. Oh, Sir, said I, that would be too severe an insult; besides, I doubt whether my brother would come; you know he is angry with me, and thinks he has reason. If you will permit me first to call on
my

my brother, when we are reconciled, I can afterwards ask both him and his lady to my house; and though I am sure you have too much good nature and politeness to shock them all 'at once, by violating the laws of hospitality in this house, which your bounty has made mine, yet will you have sufficient room for retaliation, by treating them, in your turn, with neglect.

Thou art a milky thing, answered Mr. Warner; but as I am willing to please you, you may do as you like; but by —, and he swore a tremendous oath, they shall never have a cross from me.

February 27.—Having obtained Mr. Warner's consent, I went this day to my brother. He was not at home, but I was introduced to Lady Sarah, for whom I enquired. Poor woman! how she looked! My resentment was disarmed; even my contempt subsided; and I felt nothing but pity. Her confusion was so great, she knew not how to receive me: she curtsied, without knowing what to say, or how to behave. I would not embarrass her too far, but taking
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ing a chair by her, As you favoured me with a message yesterday, Lady Sarah, said I, in as obliging a tone as I could speak, I thought it a sisterly duty to wait on you and Sir George: I hope my brother is well, I long to see him, and flatter myself he will forget all former coldness, and again be my brother.

I spoke this long sentence on purpose to give her time to recover herself. She rubbed her hand over her forehead, I believe to hide the glow that was in her face from my first entrance; ‘ Lord, Mrs. ‘ Arnold—I am so surprized—this visit ‘ was so unexpected—I thought you were ‘ in the country’—(her woman you know had been with me the day before, I passed this by however) I have not been out of town at all, Madam, I was detained by illness—‘ I am mighty sorry for it—I hope ‘ you are quite recovered—pray, why did ‘ not you let me know you were ill?’ as I had heard nothing from you, Madam, after my first message, I was afraid that the mediation, you were so kind as to promise me, had failed, and that my brother’s re-
sentment

sentment was so great, he would not hear of me.

‘ Oh dear, that is true indeed — it was a
‘ sad affair — I mentioned you to your bro-
‘ ther when he came to town ; but he was
‘ in *such* a passion, I durst not name you to
‘ him again.’ (She durst not name me, observe that, my dear ; poor George, whom she governs with despotic sway) Then probably, Madam, my brother knew not *all* my distress ? I protest I don’t know — said she — you know your brother is very warm, and when ever I attempted to speak of you, he always stopped me short — so — I don’t know how it was ; but I never could get to tell him your situation — I should think I had great reason to resent my brother’s cruelty, Madam, said I, if he had known those particulars of which my maid informed *you*, but since he did not, I will not reproach him ; neither will I accuse your ladyship of unkindness in concealing them from him. My sufferings are, thank God ! at an end, and I am now come to offer you, and Sir George, my sisterly love ; I hope he will not refuse me his love in re-
I turn,

turn, I have nothing else now to ask for. She blushed again, and seemed in great confusion; 'You are very good, Mrs. Arnold, we must forget and forgive'— Shall I not be permitted to see my brother, Madam? By the message I received from you, I was in hopes you had prevailed on him—The *poor* woman was now struck dumb. She felt for her snuff-box, and *would* not find it in her pocket; but got up to look for it to gain a little time; rumaged her toilet, and, at last, took it out of her pocket; offered me a pinch of snuff, then sat down again. Why, that message, to tell you the truth, said she (forcing a conscious silly smile) your brother knew nothing of; but not having heard from you in so long a time, I was resolved to enquire after you; and was determined myself, out of my own pin-money, to allow you what I could spare, till I could get Sir George in better temper; but I made use of his name because I thought you would more readily accept of any thing from him than from me. Your brother thought you were actually in the coun-

try, till we were surprized with the account of the *wonderful* fortune that has come to you lately. 'Then you *had* heard of it, 'Madam, interrupted I, before you sent to 'me?' an untoward question, my dear; it plunged her again in the mud, and she flounced and floundered to get out, which only funk her the deeper. We had heard a strange flying report, said she, of which I did not believe a word, and therefore sent Holmes (that is her woman's name) to you to offer you my service.

I was not ill-natured enough, my Cecilia, to persist in embarrassing this mean woman any farther, though the insincerity of her whole behaviour, and the low falsties she had recourse to, very well deserved reproof. I was glad to find my brother was not so culpable as he had at first appeared; for I could easily discover from the whole tenor of her discourse, she was so far from giving him any intimation of my distress, that she had prevented him from enquiring after me, by telling him that I was gone out of town; probably too with some aggravating circumstances, either

of

of a pretended neglect on my side towards them both, or, perhaps, some other falshood still more injurious. It was very apparent that she had sent her maid only as a spy, and, by way of passport, with a sham offer of kindness, of which she knew I stood not in need: and she depended on my pride and resentment so justly provoked, for my never coming to any explanation either with her or my brother. No wonder then she was confounded at the sight of me, and the more so as she apprehended I might reproach my brother, who could so well excuse himself by pleading ignorance of my situation: and her conduct must then appear so despicable to her husband, that hardy as she is, she would be at a loss to justify it.

All this being very obvious to me, I determined to make her easy at once. I shall think no more of what is past, Lady Sarah, said I, I only wish to be on terms of friendship with my brother and you; and since he knows not of the message you sent to me, I will not mention it to him, nor any thing else that can recal past unkindness.

kindness. I hope this visit will be taken as it is meant, out of pure affection, and that you, Madam, will be so kind as to make my peace with my brother; whom I am very sorry I was under a necessity of disobliging; but as I never did offend him, and I am sure never should but in that one instance, wherein *I* was so much more nearly interested than himself, I hope he will think no more of it; but restore me to a share of his love, which is all that is now wanting to my happiness.

This declaration (as I intended it should) entirely restored Lady Sarah's tranquillity. Her countenance brightned up; I'll take upon me to answer for Sir George, said she, that he *shall* restore you to his affection; I shall insist upon a general act of oblivion being past on his side, and I beg, sister, on your part, that you may not, by reproaching your brother, revive the memory of your past coldness.

The weakest people are often very cunning; this caution of Lady Sarah's, artfully enough introduced, conveyed an obvious meaning to me, very different from her pretended

tended reason; she was afraid of an eclaireissement. I promised her I should meet my brother, whenever he would permit me, as if nothing had ever happened to disturb our friendship.

See, my dear, how this woman, who *durst* not name me when I was poor, took upon her now to *make* her husband, whose anger had so much intimidated her, subscribe intirely to her opinion: but I was now become an object of attention; a finer house, and a finer equipage than her ladyship's, gave me an indisputable title to that regard, to which, as a *sister*, and in distress, I had not the least claim.

She now ventured to ask me some particulars relating to the very extraordinary change in my fortune. I satisfied her minutely, not without mentioning the cause of Mr. Warner's having made me the *sole* object of his bounty. Poor Lady Sarah could not conceal her vexation at the thoughts of what she had lost by her ill-timed pride and parcimony. A strange whimsical old mortal, she called him, to come upon them so abruptly, and in such a scandalous garb;

that Sir George was quite ashamed of him. I am glad, however, Mrs. Arnold, that he has made *you* the better for him; I hope he will continue his fondness, but such odd humourists are not to be depended on. Don't tell him, however, what I say; I should be glad to show him any civility in my power, for his kindness to you.

I took my leave of her ladyship, with a cordial invitation to come and see me; which she said she would not fail to do.

Mr. Warner called on me for a few minutes in the evening to know the result of my visit, as I had told him I intended to make it. I related every thing that had passed between Lady Sarah and me; he enjoyed her confusion as I described it, with a triumphant satisfaction, which nothing but a very strong resentment could have excited in so good-natured a man, as he really seems to be.

He has added to my store of china to-day (of which I have already an abundance) a pair of most magnificent jars, above four feet high, which he values at a hundred and fifty pounds; these, with an entire service

service of the finest Nankeen china, and a most beautiful Persian carpet, I have set apart as a present for Lady V——, and shall send them to her the first opportunity.

Mr. Warner very much approves of my design, as he knows the obligations I have to her.

I have also got him to bespeak a sett of jewels to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds, with which I intend to present Mrs. Faulkland. This sum will not exceed my debt to Mr. Faulkland, if his agreement with Pivet stands in force for the term prescribed.

Mr. Warner, who mightily loves to be employed, has undertaken to get these jewels made up for me in the most elegant taste.

This man's generosity is as inexhaustible as his riches; I fancy he is still some way concerned in trade, though he does not tell me so. These jars he said he had just received by the arrival of an East-India ship, and I understand that his former dealings were extremely extensive: all over the

world, he said, where there was commerce, he put in for his share.

February 29.—Lady Sarah has returned my visit; she was not slow you see in her ceremony. *So* obliging, *so* polite; every thing praised, and admired; and *sister* at every second word, and the children caressed, *Arnold's* children. What a fine thing it is, my dear, to be independent! I shewed her all my house; but not with ostentation. I thought it would have looked affected not to have recommended so much wealth and elegance to her notice. My sideboard she says is absolutely the handsomest she ever saw; indeed both for workmanship and richness it does surpass any I have seen.

She told me she had talked to my brother and that though he still resented my obstinacy, as *he* called it, yet as I had made such advances towards a reconciliation, he was very ready to meet me, and desired every thing might be forgotten on my side, as it should be on his. He would have come to see you, added Lady Sarah, but as
he

he does not chuse to meet Mr. Warner, he would rather that the first interview between you were at his own house. I told her ladyship I would breakfast with her the next morning, and we parted upon wonderful courteous terms. ———

February 30.—Just returned from my brother's. Sir George received me with open arms, and I returned the embrace with the utmost cordiality of affection. Surely, my dear, there is something wonderfully powerful in the natural affections; Sir George, spite of his resentment, his turbulence, and the threats denounced against me, could not at sight of me, after an absence of so many months, resist the first impulse of his heart, in giving me strong tokens of brotherly love; though probably, had he not seen me, the latent tenderness might have lain for ever dormant in his heart.

I entered immediately on the topic of my extraordinary acquisition, as I was determined not to lead to a subject which might bring on the explanations so much dreaded by Lady Sarah; and I could observe that

my brother avoided any thing tending that way as much as I did.

He congratulated me heartily on my good fortune, but said, between jest and earnest, that if he could have divined his cousin Warner had come to him to make experiments, he should have taken care to have treated him better. But I don't know how it was, said he, he came in an evil hour; and I was in an ill humour.

Lady Sarah kept up the conversation with a great deal of vivacity; always taking care to keep us clear of the rock she was afraid of, till a lady, with whom she was engaged to go to an auction, called to take her up. Sir George would fain have detained me, but she insisted on my going with her, to have my judgment she said on the things she intended to buy. It appeared to me that she did not chuse to leave my brother and me together, for fear mutual confidence (in the fulness of our hearts) might have brought her disingenuous proceedings to light: but cunning people often over-act their parts; she was so extremely pressing, that my brother could not but take notice
of

of it. I acquiesced to avoid giving her uneasiness; having first engaged my brother to dine with me on Friday. Lady Sarah and he both consented, but premised that Mr. Warner was not to be of the party; this I ventured to promise, as I was resolved if Mr. Warner invited himself, which is his usual way, to put him off by fairly telling him the truth, and trusting to his good-nature for the consequence.

March 2.—After the trivial incidents of these two last days, my Cecilia, now hasten to more interesting particulars. But first a word or two of my cousin Warner. I had not seen him since the day that my brother and I met, till this morning; when he called to ask me how I did, and to know how the puppy George, as he calls him, had behaved to me. After having satisfied him in this enquiry, in a way the most favourable I could for my brother, I told him that as I had really found both him, and his lady extremely penitent and mortified, I had asked them to dine with me that day. I am glad of it, said he (very quick) I'll be

here to snoutch them. Dear Sir, said I, for heaven's sake have a little compassion : you cannot conceive how humbled they are; they dare not look you in the face, and it was one of their conditions with me, before they would consent to come, that they should not see you. Ho, ho, said he, exultingly, have they changed their Note? Well, I will not distress you so far in your own house, as to mortify them with my company at dinner, but if I should take it in my head to drop in, in the afternoon, you must not take it amiss. I only want to see them look a little like fools.

I could not venture to oppose him in this, but resolved to make it as easy as possible by preparing my brother and sister for his visit.

I told him that would do extremely well, and he went away rejoicing at the thoughts of his intended triumph.

Mr. Warner had but just left me when I was surprized with a message that Sir George was below. I went down to him directly, and seeing him in his morning-dress, imagined that something had happened which
prevented

prevented their dining with me, and that he called to excuse himself; but he undeceived me presently. As I had not an opportunity, said he, of asking you any questions the other day, and shall be prevented probably in the same manner this day, I am come to have an hour's chat with you before dinner. And first pray inform me, Sidney, where you have lived ever since my mother's death, and how it comes to pass that in all this time you never took any notice of either Lady Sarah or me? As to your first question, brother, it is easily answered, I have never been out of London: for the rest, let us avoid all retrospection, which can now answer no end to either of us.

You surprize me, said he, I understood you had been in the country; Lady Sarah was told that you were gone to Lady V—.

She was misinformed, I replied —

What was the meaning then, said he, that you never called, or sent to her? *She* had no resentment to you, though *I* had.

Dear Sir George, ask me no more questions, I thought it had been premised that we were not to talk of the past.

I see

I see, Sidney, answered he, there is something you have no mind to explain ; you know I love and respect my wife, and that I cannot easily be brought to take any thing ill of her ; but she was so extremely earnest with me not to ask you any questions, that it made me suspect there was something she had a mind to conceal from me. What confirms me in this opinion is, that as I know you are ingenuous and open to conviction, you would have made me some apology for a neglect both of me and Lady Sarah, which, you could not but suppose, offended me, if you had not looked upon yourself as by much the most injured Person.

You urge me very home, brother ; I thought I was injured when you disclaimed all relationship to me, if I did not comply in a certain particular, which I was not at liberty to do.

I *was* very angry with you, said he, but should not have carried my resentment any lengths after my mother's death, if you had made any concession, or desired to throw yourself under my protection, instead of a
stran-

stranger's, for Lady V— comparatively is one. I could not suppose you were in immediate want of my assistance, as I understand my mother's private purse was not inconsiderable, and to tell you the truth, I was resolved till you did condescend to inform me of your situation, not to give myself any pain about you.

I can only tell you in two words, Sir George, that you have been extremely misled in regard to me; I wish not to revive so disagreeable a subject, pray say no more of it.

But one word more, said he, just for my own satisfaction, and then I have done: was Lady Sarah made acquainted with your circumstances? You must have lived in miserable obscurity to be so long in London without my knowledge.

You love and respect your wife, brother; you must not take any thing ill of her.

I am answered, he replied: He walked about the room, and I could see he was ashamed and affected.

You will make me very unhappy, Sir George, said I, if you resent any thing on
my

my account to your lady; she did not think perhaps that things were quite so bad with me as they really were; but if she heard (which by the way I knew was an invention of her own) that my mother left any thing behind her, she was deceived, there really was nothing. But let us call another subject.—When did you hear from Mr. Faulkland? it is some time since I have had a letter from his lady.

His lady he repeated, and stamping with his foot, cursed be the hour which gave her that title!

Dear Sir George, you shock me! how can you be so uncharitable, so unchristian?

If you knew her as well as *I* do, said he, —and shook his head.

You are so strong in your indignation against her, I replied, that you almost make me suspect that you *do* know more of her than I do; her weakness in regard to Mr. Faulkland excepted; I could never entertain an ill thought of her; but you have raised a curiosity, which, though I tremble to have it gratified, yet I must beg you to speak out.

Do

Do not think me malicious, Sidney, said he, a woman's reputation is too sacred a thing to be trifled with; if her weakness as you call it, had been confined to Mr. Faulkland, *hers* should be so with me: but I cannot think with temper on the sacrifice that noble fellow has been forced to make to caprice.

Dear brother, explain yourself, you terrify me.

My heat on this occasion, he answered, would be unjustifiable, if I had not *proof* for what I say; Miss Burchell, for I will not call her by my friend's name, is that monster, a female libertine, a rake in the worst sense of the word.

Monstrous! cried I, your prejudice makes you believe every cruel tale you may have heard. —

Heard, he interrupted with an indignant smile, the d—l's in it if I have not more than hear-say for my knowledge.

Lord! brother, you make me shudder, what do you mean?

He replied, you will not believe me perhaps when I tell you that *I* am as much obliged

obliged to Miss Burchell's favour, as Mr. Faulkland was.

If Sir George had plunged a dagger in my heart, I could not have felt a sharper pang. He saw me struck with amazement and grief.

I knew it would shock you, said he, but you extorted the secret from me; for a secret it has, and ever should have remained, but in my own justification you compelled me to disclose it.

You know, said he, that from the first I never considered Faulkland's engagement to her, as a serious one, nor in any shape binding: this judgment I formed without knowing any thing of the woman, but from Faulkland's own representation of the fact; tho' to say the truth, he always spoke of her with more tenderness than she deserved, and imputing her frailty to her love of him, was, as most men are apt to do on such occasions, disposed to judge favourably of her. The first time I saw her was at Sidney-castle; that time when my mother invited her, and when, you may remember, I went down there in compliment to my mother. I

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own I thought her extremely agreeable, which was alone sufficient, to make me a little more than barely polite; but my mother's extraordinary attachment to her, engaged me to go still farther, and to oblige her, I was more than ordinarily attentive to please Miss Burchell. When I assure you upon my honour that I had no farther views, I believe you will not doubt my veracity; but whether Miss Burchell mistook my civilities for fondness, or whether, as I rather believe, her natural disposition was so loose that every man she saw lighted up a flame in her heart, I know not; but certain it was she made me such advances, that I must have been extremely stupid not to have understood her, and absolutely frozen to have repelled her.

My good mother's unsuspecting temper permitted us too many opportunities, and the light ones of your sex do not easily forgive the neglect of those.

In short Miss Burchell yielded to the impetuosity of her wishes, and I followed her lead, more through vacancy, and a want of better employment, than out of inclination.

tion. I was very glad when she was recalled home, for I was heartily weary of her. The day before she left Sidney castle, when we were alone, she said to me, I have too great a reliance on your honour, to suppose you capable of injuring my reputation by ever divulging what has passed between us; I am easy therefore on that head. But there is one circumstance on which you must give me the most solemn promise that is in your power to make, without which I shall be the most unhappy creature in the world. I know there is a friendship between you and Mr. Faulkland, and I am not ignorant that you men, in your unreserved moments of confidence, do not scruple to disclose such secrets as I have trusted you with; I do not fear your imprudence with regard to any one else; but it is of the utmost importance to me that *He* in particular should never know what my tenderness for you has led me into. You know I have a son by him; he has hitherto provided liberally for the child's maintenance; and to let you into a secret, which nobody besides must know, I myself am indebted to him for the principal

pal part of my support ; though he, as well as the rest of the world, believe that I have a fortune. Now though I do not entertain the least hope, nor indeed wish, ever to be Mr. Faulkland's wife, yet would it be of terrible consequence to me to forfeit his regard, which you may naturally suppose would be the case if he were to come to the knowledge of what has happened. He has given me to understand by his house-keeper that when he comes to England he will provide for me ; the woman hinted something like a design of his making a handsome establishment for any worthy man of whom I should make choice ; insinuating at the same time that this depended on my conduct. I have no thoughts of marrying, but as mine and my child's future welfare must be chiefly owing to Mr. Faulkland, you see the necessity there is for my preserving his good opinion. For this reason then, my dear Sir George, you must swear to me that you will never betray me to him.

The reasons were so plausible, and the request so natural, that I made no scruple of giving her a solemn oath to preserve the
4 secret

secret inviolable from Faulkland's knowledge; for so she herself worded the promise she urged me to make: in regard to any one else, she said she was satisfied all assurances were needless.

You see, continued my brother, that by this declaration she laid me under a double tye of secrecy. As I had no conception that Faulkland could ever be brought to think of marrying her, I thought myself bound not to injure her in his opinion: and therefore religiously kept my promise. Faulkland was not then in England, but when he returned, and came to visit me at Sidney castle, just at the time you parted from your husband, he spoke of Miss Burchell in a manner, which though it convinced me he had a regard for her, and wished to see her happy, yet was it far from alarming me on his own account; I therefore should have thought it the highest baseness and cruelty to have hurt her in his esteem.

I never have had the least intercourse, either by letter, or otherwise, with Miss Burchell, since we parted. I make no doubt but she has dispensed her favours wherever
her

her inclination has led her, and you see she has had the good fortune to keep all her amours secret. But what hope can there be that such a profligate will keep her faith to *one* man, though that man is the most amiable in the World.

Oh brother, what a scene of iniquity have you disclosed! I would to Heaven you had kept the horrid secret to yourself, or divulged it time enough to have prevented the misery into which I, unhappy that I am! have precipitated your friend. But I ought not to blame you, you acted agreeably to the dictates of honour. Detestable woman! I cried in the bitterness of my heart, I do not wonder at her cautioning me against letting you into my design of urging Mr. Faulkland to marry her; I then little knew the reason you had for the opposition she said you would give to this fatal match: every thing fell out to her wish, and coincided to promote her successful guilt.—Your absence from London, mine, and my mother's urgency, and the too generous yielding of our dear unhappy Faulkland. I burst into tears—my heart was torn
with

with anguish, and in that instant my tenderness for him revived. Sir George strove not to comfort me. He was too much affected himself.

I have but one hope, said I, and that is in the extraordinary love she has for Mr. Faulkland, and his uncommon merit, which may probably ensure to him the continuance of it.

You know not what you say, answered my brother; the merit of an angel could not secure the fidelity of such a heart as her's. Her love is gross; a new object will always have charms for her. Had I been as credulous as Faulkland, I should have thought myself the idol of her soul, so lavish was she in her expressions of tenderness.

Is it not strange though, I asked, that with so loose a mind, she should have so long preserved an attachment to Mr. Faulkland? for most certainly her affection to *him* has at least been sincere.

Her affection to his estate, answered my brother, has I believe all along been sincere: Do you not know she is a beggar?

I told

I told him, in this she had imposed on him, to answer her own ends, in engaging him the more firmly to keep her secret; for to my knowledge, she had seven thousand pounds, as I was informed by Lady V—, who knew her circumstances.

Sir George vented two or three curses on her head. I am not surprized at any instance of her falshood, said he; she is made up of deceit. Such characters as her's are not uncommon; but none of them ever fell in your way before, and I hope never will again. If you will look back on her whole conduct, however it may surprize you, you will find there is nothing inconsistent in it. She is only a sly rake in petticoats, of which there are numbers, that you good women would stare at, if you knew their behaviour. She considers men just as the libertines of our sex do women. She likes for the present; she seduces; her inclinations cool towards an old lover, and are warmed again by a new face. She retained not Faulkland long enough to grow tired of him, and therefore possibly still preserved some tenderness for him; indeed his uncommon at-

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tractions must have made an impression even on *her* heart; but this did not hinder her from indulging her inclinations elsewhere. You must throw into the account too, that she had by accident got a sort of hold on him, of which, by my mother's indulgence, and some other concurring circumstances, she hoped one day or other to avail herself. With so pretty a person as she has, and the fortune you tell me she is mistress of, do you think she could have failed of marrying creditably, if that had been her view? No, no, she meant not to confine herself. Her passion for Faulkland, whether real or pretended, gave a colour to her preserving that liberty, in the licentious use of which she placed her happiness: nor would she in the end have confined herself within the bounds of marriage, if an immense fortune had not sweetened the restraint.

I pray heaven it may, answered I; 'tis all we have now to trust to. You have given me an idea of a character, which I thought was not in the female world!

I own,

I own, replied Sir George, I live in perpetual fears of her relapsing into vice. A woman without principle, Sidney, is not to be relied on. Love (if in such a breast it can merit that name) even towards the most deserving object, is never permanent. Fear, and even shame, are subdued by repeated crimes; what hold then remains? Interest alone (where that happens to interfere;) but if detection can be avoided, even that can have no farther influence.

Sir George took his leave of me, in order to go home to dress; but I was not to say a word of his morning visit, so that I found I needed not to be under any apprehensions of reproaching Lady Sarah with her behaviour towards me; for he meant not to let her know he was informed of it. So much the better; I should be extremely sorry to be the occasion of any difference between them.

They came at the appointed hour; I entertained them magnificently; and we were all harmony and good humour. When dinner was over, I told them, they must not be surprized, if we should have a visit from

our West-Indian relation, in the evening, for that it was very probable he would call, and if I should be denied, he would never forgive me, as he might possibly find it out. Lady Sarah looked frightened, and said she would not stay; but Sir George declared he would arm himself with a few bumpers, and stand his ground.

I affected to treat the interview with pleasantry, and reconciled them both to it; for I was really apprehensive that Mr. Warner would take it very ill, and think I betrayed him, if I let them escape. I supposed too, that after he had indulged himself in a short triumph all would be over, and they might afterwards meet on better terms.

In less than half an hour, we heard a loud rap; Lady Sarah turned pale; Sir George laughed at her, but was himself a little disconcerted. The parlour door flew open — a footman entered — Mr. Warner — and in stalked my kinsman, with a very stately tread. He was dressed out, I assure you. A large well-powdered wig, tied with a rose; a suit of the finest cinnamon-coloured cloth, and over it a furtout of the richest mohair
and

and silk, with gold frogs; and a fine cloud-ed cane, with a gold head; silk stockings of the same colour with his coat; a fine lace-cravat, his hat under his arm. He really looked very gentleman-like, and venerable; for he appears older than he is.

He glanced his eyes, with a supercilious scorn, over my brother and sister, who stood up at his entrance, and making up directly to me, saluted me, and took his place by me. A short silence ensued, which was broken by my asking Mr. Warner to drink a glass of wine. I could almost have smiled at the embarrassment of my brother and Lady Sarah; the old gentleman enjoyed it, and looked at them both, but as if he knew neither. My brother had recourse to the bottle, he drank my health, and civilly enough bowed to Mr. Warner, just pronouncing the word Sir! — the other scarce returned it by a slight inclination of his head.

At last, addressing himself to me, cousin, if you have no aversion to tobacco, I should be glad you would indulge me with a pipe;

'tis my custom after dinner, but I have not smoaked yet.

As I had never observed him to do this when he had dined with me before, I took it for granted the compliment was meant for Lady Sarah.

I said I had no objection, and referred myself by a bow to Lady Sarah.

She made no reply, and my kinsman, without seeming to mind any one else, rang the bell, saying, If *you* don't dislike it, there is no more to be said. The black, whom he had given me, presenting himself at the door, Mr. Warner desired him to step to his lodgings for his pipe and some tobacco. The man quickly returned with a long japaned reed, with a boll fixed at the end of it. Mr. Warner called for a lighted taper, and throwing himself back in his chair with one leg crossed over the other, lighted his pipe with much composure, puffing large clouds of smoak a-cross Lady Sarah's nose, who sat at his right-hand. My sister, who had really an unaffected aversion to tobacco, could not bear this; she coughed excessively, and, with tears in her eyes, rose off
her

her chair, and retired to the other end of the room. My old gentleman laughed till he wheezed, nodding his head after her, and looking at me, as much as to say, I am glad I have sent her off.

Sir George, though determined not to be put out of humour, thought this was going too far; I was really uneasy myself, and hardly knew how to act; for if I shewed any mark of distinction to Lady Sarah, I knew it would be construed by Mr. Warner as an affront to him. I ventured, however, to tell her that if she would step into the drawing-room, I should order coffee, and wait on her immediately.

Ay, said my brother, approaching his lady, and taking her by the hand, let us get out of the horrid atmosphere that this honest gentleman has raised about us. The honest gentleman vouchsafed not to look at him, and my brother and sister withdrew into the adjoining room.

As soon as they were gone, Mr. Warner threw down his pipe, and striking the table with his clenched fist, burst into a loud laugh. Lord, Lord! said he, pride will

have a fall. I think I have brought them down a little; how like asses they both looked! Well, now I am satisfied—I have had my revenge, you may go and drink your coffee with them, I'll bid you good-by.

He immediately withdrew, and I joined my brother and sister, who were heartily rejoiced that they had got rid of him.

Sir George said, he saw his design, but was resolved not to give an opportunity for insults, and so held his tongue. As he is your friend, Sidney, said he, I would not distress you by engaging you as a party on either side, which must have been the case; for that old fellow would not have suffered you to remain neutral.

I told him our kinsman was whimsical, but that as he was now thoroughly satisfied at having paid them in kind, I was sure he would never again seek to give them any offence, and they ought to forgive him by the law of retaliation:

They laughed at the singularity of his manner, and the whole passed off in mirth: though Lady Sarah declared he had made her quite sick with his nauseous tobacco.

March

March 3. — The ridiculous scene of yesterday, my Cecilia, for a while called off my thoughts from the melancholy subject which is now nearest my heart, I mean the shocking account which Sir George gave me of Mrs. —, can I bear to call her — Faulkland! but it now recurs to me with all its horrors. Oh, my dear, what a fatal wretch have I been to Mr. Faulkland! my best purposes, by some unseen power, are perverted from their ends. I wonder the food which I take to nourish me is not converted into poison when I touch it. But I will calm my troubled mind with this reflexion, that I *meant* not to do evil. Mr. Faulkland, ignorant of his own misfortune, may (as hundreds of others in the same situation are) still be happy, if that light creature has but a single grain of honour or gratitude. I will not think of it — anticipating as you used to call me, I will banish the hateful idea from my mind.

March 12 — What do you think, my Cecilia? Mrs. Gerrarde has eloped from

her husband, and is now at Paris in quality of mistress to a young nobleman who maintains her in vast splendour. I had this news in a letter from Mrs. Faulkland to-day.

Poor Pivet wrote his master an account of it. You know the agreement to pay this young man an annual sum was conditional. Upon Mr. Arnold's death, Pivet tired of the termagant spirit, and intolerable coquetry of his wife, was very glad to relax his discipline; and declared, were he to have had a thousand a year, he would not undertake to keep her within bounds; and that nothing but his great respect for Mr. Faulkland could have engaged him in the task so long. He acknowledges that he is very glad to be rid of her, and as Mr. Faulkland enabled him to set up very handsomely in his business, I really think he is happy in his loss.

March 14.—I have been deeply affected, my Cecilia, within these two days. If it had not been in my power to relieve
the

the distress I have been a witness to, how unhappy would it have made me!

I was stepping out of my chariot yesterday morning, when a young woman who stood at my door, in an old linen gown, presented to me a little band-box, open and filled with artificial flowers; she spoke not, but the silent anguish in her looks drew my attention. She seemed about eighteen, and very pretty. As an appearance of industry I think doubles the claim which the poor have to our compassion, I took out of her box a small sprig of jessamin, very naturally imitated, and asked the young woman if she made those flowers herself.

She modestly replied, she did. And cannot you, child, said I, find any one who would give you constant employment in this way to prevent your wandering about the streets to dispose of your work?

She answered, Yes, Madam, but I have a poor decrepid father in jail, who cannot be without my assistance. I live with him, and only come out once a week to sell my flowers. I might go to service, but he

I 6

would

would die if I were to leave him. Her gentle speech, her youth, and the unaffected tender sorrow that appeared in her face, when she spoke of her father, touched me to the heart.

I bade her come in, and taking her into the parlour, was desirous to ask her some questions.

You look, said I, as if you had not been bred in poverty; pray, what is your father?

She blushed, and with down cast eyes replied, A clergyman, Madam.

A clergyman, I repeated, what misfortunes (for such I must suppose they were) drove him to the distressed situation you mention?

It *was* a misfortune, Madam, and not any crime, answered the girl with tears in her eyes; my father is as good a man as ever was born.

I asked his name, and she told me it was Price.

My curiosity was excited by her manner. I desired her to sit down, and relate to me the particulars of her story.

She

She obeyed with a sensible politeness that pleased me.

About twelve years ago, said she, my father had a little cure in Berkshire; he was reckoned a fine preacher, and a very great scholar, and what was more than either, one of the best of men. In the parish to which my father belonged, lived a gentleman of a very great estate, his name was Ware; he was himself a very worthy man, and had so high an opinion of my father, that he pitched upon him to go abroad in quality of governour to his only son, then a youth of about nineteen. As my father had travelled in the same capacity once before, he was very well qualified for the employment; and had no objection to the acceptance of it but his leaving my mother, of whom he was very fond, and me his only child, then scarce more than an infant. The elder Mr. Ware assured him he would be a friend and guardian to us both (and so he was) and that he would, in his absence, allow us double the income which my father received from his cure.

This

This, together with the appointment, which he was to receive as his son's governor was too handsome an offer to be refused, especially as the gentleman promised he should never want a patron in him while he lived; and every body knew he had interest enough to make this promise of consequence. My father was then past fifty, but as he was of a very healthy strong constitution, he did not think it too late to undertake, for the good of his family, what he said was a very troublesome task.

I could not help interrupting the young gentlewoman to ask her how it came to pass that her father, such a man as she represented him to be, was no better provided for at his time of life, especially as she said he had before been intrusted with the care of a pupil, whom I presumed to be a person of fortune, as scarce any others are sent to travel.

She said, he had a small patrimony of his own, and that his original design was to study physick; but being persuaded by the particular love he bore a young gentleman, to whom he was private tutor at the university, to go abroad with him, he had for
some

some years, while they continued on their travels, been obliged to decline this study. When he had brought his pupil safe back to England, he intended to pursue it, and for this purpose was preparing to go to Leyden; but the gentleman, who really had an affection for him, declared he could not part with him; and that if he would consent to stay and take holy orders, he would get him a living which was in his father's gift (a nobleman then alive,) as soon as it should become vacant, of which there was a good prospect, on account of the age of the incumbent; and that in the mean time he should live with him. As the young gentleman had been married immediately after his return from his travels to a lady of a vast fortune, and was settled with a family of his own about him, my father, who fondly loved him, did not disrelish the proposal; and without much difficulty consented to it. He now laid aside the thoughts of physicks, and turned his attention to the study of divinity; nor was he in haste for the promised living's being vacated, as he was resolved not to take orders till he was properly qualified

[qualified for the holy profession he was now destined to. He continued thus four years with his young patron; the gentleman who possessed the living, though very sickly still holding it.

My father being then inclined to go into orders, his friend got him nominated to a cure in town, the duties of which he constantly performed for two years, still living with his benefactor: but it was his misfortune then to lose him. He was drowned in crossing a deep water on horseback which he thought was fordable. My poor father had now lost, as it proved, his only friend; though he then but lamented him as a son he loved; and I have heard him say he was more afflicted for his death, than his real father was.

As that nobleman was well acquainted with his son's intentions in regard to his tutor, my father had no doubts of his fulfilling them, especially as he had given his promise to do so. About this time the curate of the parish in Berkshire which I mentioned to you before, having a mind to [make an exchange for one in London where

where all his friends lived, proposed it to my father who had been at College with him. As he had now no attachment in town, and preferred a country life, he readily agreed to the change; and having first waited on the father of his late friend to remind him of his promise, which he again confirmed, he went down to Berkshire. Here it was he fell in love with my mother, who was the daughter of the rector whose cure he served; she liked him, and as her father looked upon him as a man certain of preferment, and every way esteemable in his character, he did not scruple to give her to him.

In a few months after their marriage, the incumbent of the long promised living died.

My father immediately waited on the nobleman, so sure of success that he thought he should have nothing to do but to thank him for it; but that Lord told him with a pretended concern, that he had disposed of it, having heard that my father was well provided for in Berkshire, and had married a lady of great fortune.

He

He returned home shocked and disappointed more on account of the family he had married into, than on his own. He now found himself at near forty years of age, with a family coming on him, and no other provision than a curacy of forty pounds a year. My grandfather pretended he had been deceived by him, and made that excuse for withdrawing all his favour from him. My mother had children pretty fast, but they all died young excepting myself; and as he loved her too well to let her feel the inconvenience of streightened circumstances, he was content to let his own little patrimony which he had preserved till now, gradually waste; for my grandfather never gave her any fortune. At his death, which happened a few years after, it appeared he could not, for he left but little behind him. In this situation my father having lost all hopes of being better provided for, with the melancholy reflexion of having thrown away the best part of his days in a fruitless attendance and expectation, dragged on a life of obscurity and toil for eleven years; and

and then it was that Mr. Ware applied to him in the manner I have mentioned.

I told this amiable girl, I was glad I had interrupted the thread of her story, as by that means she had obliged me with so many interesting particulars of her family, and then requested she would proceed. She bowed with a pretty modest grace, and went on.

I informed you, Madam, that my father, having accepted of the tuition of Mr. Ware's son prepared to attend him on his travels. He took his leave very reluctantly of my poor mother and me, whom he tenderly recommended to Mr. Ware's patronage, and set out with the young gentleman, having given up his cure, as his absence was to be of a long continuance.

Mr. Ware, who was a truly good man, was punctual in the performance of his promise towards my mother and me, and behaved while my father was away like a second parent. His son continued abroad upwards of four years, and returned a very accomplished gentleman.

Mr.

Mr. Ware was exceedingly pleased with my father's conduct, for which he told him both his son and himself owed him the utmost gratitude. He was now far advanced in years, and grown indolent from infirmities, he thought it better to be himself the rewarder of my father's merit, than take upon him the trouble of soliciting other people to provide for him; and accordingly resolved to give him an annual income of two hundred pounds during his life. He told him, at the same time that as his estate was entailed, it was not in his power to confirm this grant by a will; but he was sure his son was too sensible of what he owed him, not to promise in the most solemn manner to continue to him this income, when he should come to his inheritance. The young gentleman, who was present, handsomely acknowledged the obligations he had to my father, and assured him he thought he could never sufficiently repay them.

My father, who now wished for nothing more than to sit down peaceably on a competency, thought himself very happy; he retired

tired to his little house in Berkshire, where my mother and I still lived, and gave himself up to domestic contentment.

The old gentleman was punctual to his agreement, constantly paying my father fifty pounds every quarter. He died in something less than three years; his son immediately on his accession to his fortune, being at that time in London, wrote my father a very affectionate letter, assuring him of the continuance of his friendship. Nor did he fail in his promise; for two years he was punctual in his remittances to my father. He did not during that time come down to Berkshire, having another country-seat, of which he was fonder. At this time I lost my dear mother, who had been for some years in a declining way; and though during her health, as she was an exceedingly good œconomist my father might have laid by some of his income, yet the frequent journeys she was prescribed to Bath, and other places, for change of air, together with the expence of physicians at home, put it out of his power to save any thing: which on my account gave him great uneasiness; but

but as he was still strong and hale, he was in hopes he might yet live to lay by something for me. I was now about fifteen, and the darling of my father's heart. He was inconsolable for my mother's death, but I endeavoured to comfort him, and at last in some measure succeeded. Mr. Ware, whom my father had not seen since the death of the good old gentleman, came down now to revisit his paternal seat. He would not omit paying a visit of condolence to his old friend and tutor, and accordingly came to our house the day after his arrival in the country. Though I had seen him before, as it was in my childhood, I had taken but little notice of him; he is indeed a handsome genteel young man.

The innocent girl blushed as she spoke these words, but I seemed not to observe it.

She proceeded with a sigh. My father who loved him, was rejoiced to see him; Mr. Ware behaved with a tenderness and respect almost filial towards him, and was very obliging to me. He continued about a week in the country, calling to ask my father

ther how he did every day. When he was about to return to London, he pressed my father to pass a few weeks with him in town: you are melancholy here, said he, changing the scene a little, will divert both your daughter and you.

My father thanked him for the honour he did him, but modestly declined it.

Mr. Ware guessed at his motive, and told him smiling, I know your objection, but to obviate it at once, I must tell you that I have prevailed on my sister to come and keep house for me, and I expect to find her at home on my return. I knew his sister, a maiden lady some years older than himself, who had on the death of his father gone to live with a near relation of theirs. My father smiling in his turn, told him he had guessed his mind rightly, and since that was the case, he would not deprive his poor girl (looking at me) of the happiness of the good lady's company for a while.

Mr. Ware said, we might go to town with him in his coach, and as we had but little preparation to make, we set out with him next day.

When

When we arrived at his house in London, he welcomed us with all the marks of politeness and respect. I was surprized we did not see his sister the whole night, but as she was not apprized of our coming, I thought that either she was abroad, or had not yet quitted her friend with whom she lived.

The next morning at breakfast, Mr. Ware made an apology for his sister's absence. He said, that the lady, at whose house she lived, was ill, and that she could not possibly leave her till she was better, which he supposed would be in a few days, as her sickness was no other than the consequence of her lying-in; mean while he hoped Mr. Price would not be uneasy, as he was himself his daughter's guardian.

Though my father was not pleased at this excuse, he however concealed his thoughts from Mr. Ware; but told me if Miss Ware did not come home in a few days, he purposed that we should take our leave and return into the country.

We had very handsome apartments assigned us; and my father was put in possession of Mr. Ware's library; a very noble
one,

one, where that gentleman knew he would pass his most agreeable hours.

For my part as I did not care to go abroad, till I had a proper person for me to appear with, I declined the offer. Mr. Ware very obligingly made of getting some ladies of his acquaintance to take me to public places. I expected his sister every day, and if she came, as I knew my father purposed staying a month, I thought I should have time enough to see every thing; so I chose to entertain myself with working, and reading in my own room.

But, Madam, I soon found that Mr. Ware was a very base man. The third day after we came to his house, his behaviour towards me began to change intirely from what it was before; he took every opportunity of being particular to me in his compliments. I received them at first with that distant civility which I thought would neither encourage nor offend; I looked upon him as a worthy young man, and my father's friend and benefactor; and thought in my humble station I should not be too quick at taking exceptions, as there had nothing as yet ap-

peared in his behaviour which exceeded the bounds of respect: but he did not preserve this long; on the fifth day he came into a closet where I was reading, and there in the warmest manner declared himself my lover. I would fain have turned his discourse into pleasantry, but he had recourse to oaths and protestations, and swore he could not live without my favour. I represented the cruelty of the insult he offered me in his own house, and begged he would leave me, as I was determined to depart immediately. I will not, Sir, said I, let my father know the unkind return you have made for all his care of you, but I can easily prevail with him to leave your house. He fell at my feet, begged my pardon, and talked all that sort of stuff which I have read in romances. At length I got him out of the closet, and locked the door; resolving never to sit alone, without using the same precaution while we staid in his house, which I hoped would not be above a day or two longer; for I concluded there was no sifter to come, and that this was only made use of as a snare to draw us to town.

As

As I had a mind to try the young girl, I asked her, How came you to receive Mr. Ware's addresses in the manner you mentioned? how did you know but he intended to marry you?

Ah no, Madam, said she, I could not entertain such a thought; I have not troubled you with the particulars of what he said to me, but young as I was, I knew too well what it tended to; besides the fear he shewed lest my father should know of his pretended courtship, was enough to convince me what his designs were, without any thing else to guide me.

Did you like him, I asked? the ingenuous young woman blushed.

I *could* have liked him, Madam, she replied, better than any body I had ever seen, if there had not been such a distance between us. I desired her to proceed.

I told my father that same evening, that as I saw there was no likelihood of the lady's coming to her brother; and as I led but a melancholy life, having no woman to converse with, I had much rather be at home amongst my neighbours and acquaintance,

and begged he would return to Berkshire.

My father said, it was what he had determined on after completing our week in town, unless Miss Ware came in the interim; I have just told our friend so, said he; he seems to take it unkindly, and says he is afraid he has disobliged me; but I assured him my only reason was, that I did not think the house of a handsome young bachelor, a proper place for a pretty little country girl, even though her old father was with her. He assures me his sister will come, and wants to protract our stay a few days longer; I hardly know how to refuse his entreaties, but I shall be uneasy till we are at home.

I told my father, Mr. Ware had too much sense to take his refusal amiss, and begged of him to stick to his day.

I gave Mr. Ware no opportunity of speaking to me the remainder of that day, nor all the next; though he came to my closet door where I always sat, and entreated for admission; but I was peremptory in my denial,

nial, and he went away reproaching me with cruelty.

Mr. Ware made an apology to my father, on account of his being obliged to spend the evening abroad, the first time that he had been absent from us since we came to his house. He had twice entertained us with a very agreeable concert, at which there was a great deal of company, both gentlemen and ladies. He had got it performed at his own house, on purpose to amuse my father, who was a great lover of music; but excepting those two mornings, I had never seen any company with him, as he said he would not invite strangers, 'till I had got a companion of my own sex to keep me in countenance. My father and I supped alone; we were to go out of town the next day, and we retired to our respective chambers about eleven o'clock, in order to go to bed.

The poor girl paused at this part of her story, as if she were ashamed to proceed.

I hope, said I, Mr. Ware did not violate the laws of hospitality, by intruding on you that night. Oh, Madam, he did, he did,

said she, the vile wretch hid himself somewhere, I know not where, for it was not in my closet. The house-keeper slept in my room, in a little tent bed, which had been put up for that purpose; but she was not as yet come up stairs. The chamber-maid, who had attended me to my room, told me there was to be a great deal of company to dine with her master the next day, and as the house-keeper was very busy in making jellies and pastry, she was afraid she should sit up late, and hoped I should not be disturbed at her coming into the room. I always dismissed the maid immediately, as I was not used to have a person to undress me. I went to bed, but not being a very sound sleeper, and knowing a particularity I had, which was, that if once roused, I could not compose myself to rest again, I resolved not to attempt it at all 'till the house-keeper came to bed. I placed the candle on a stand near me, and took up a book that I found on a chair, by my bed-side, which I had been reading in the evening. I had been about an hour thus employed, when I heard somebody treading softly in the room: as
I had

I had not heard the door open, I called out, in a fright, to know who was there. I received no answer; but immediately Mr. Ware presented himself, on his knees, at my bed-side, and half leaning on my bed. I shrieked out; I knew not what he said, but I remember the most wicked of men held me fast, and talked a great deal; I continued shrieking incessantly, and struggling to get loose from him, which at last I did, by giving a violent spring, which threw me out of bed on the floor.

I had hurt myself sadly by the fall; but dragging the quilt off the bed after me, I wrapped it about me, and shrieked louder than before. The vile man tried to pacify me, and said I should disturb my father.

Providentially for me, my dear father had not gone to bed, for his room was a great way from mine, but was reading in the study, which was over my bed-chamber. He had heard my shrieks from the first, but, little dreaming it was his poor daughter's voice, he imagined the noise was in the street, and had lifted up the sash, and looked out to try whence it proceeded. Finding

every thing quiet without doors, he ran down stairs, and was led, by my cries, into my room, for my vile persecutor had not locked the door, very well knowing none of his own people could dare to molest him, and he did not think my cries would have reached my father's ears, as indeed they would not, if he had gone to bed. Think, Madam, what my poor father must feel, when he saw me on the floor (for I was not able to rise) such a spectacle of horror; my cap was off, and my nose bleeding with the fall.

The wretch was endeavouring to lift me up, and I trying to resist him. Good God defend me! said my father, what is this I see? Oh, Sir, said I, clinging round him, carry me out of the house! carry me out directly from this monster! My father looked aghast. You do not mean Mr. Ware, my child, said he, it cannot be He who has put you into this condition? Mr. Ware quitted the room the minute he saw my father, which was not till I caught hold of him; for he had his back to the door, and,

and, I suppose, was in too much agitation to hear him coming in.

My poor father, speechless with astonishment, took me into his arms, and put me sitting on the bed; then stepping into my closet, brought out a bottle of water, some of which he made me drink, and afterwards washed the blood from my face, which he soon found only proceeded from my having hurt my nose a little.

When I had recovered breath enough, I told him all that had passed. His despair, Madam, is not to be described; he tore his hair, and was like a madman. Where is the ungrateful villain, said he? I will go this minute and upbraid him with his treachery; he ran to the chamber door, but it was locked on the outside. My father thus prevented from going out, had time to cool a little; he considered it would be to no purpose to reproach a powerful tyrant with the injuries he did us; he resolved to quit the inhospitable house as soon as any one in the family was up to open the door to him, and without ever seeing his face again, commit

himself to providence for his future subsistence.

It would have been happy for us if he could have executed this design; but the profligate man prevented us. We spent the remainder of the night in lamenting our misery. At day-light Mr. Ware entered the room in his night-gown, for I suppose he had gone to rest after he left us.

He told my father he was sorry for what had passed, and imputed it to his having drunk too much. I own, said he, I love your daughter to distraction, and could not bear the thoughts of losing her, as I found you resolved to go out of town so suddenly. My father answered, I will not reproach you as I ought, but my tender care of your youth did not deserve this return: suffer us to depart out of your house, and you shall never more be troubled with us.

Mr. Ware entreated to speak with my father by himself, and with much difficulty prevailed on him to go into his study with him. They staid together near half an hour, and I heard them talking high; my father then entered my room with tears streaming

streaming from his eyes. He threw himself into a chair in an agony of grief. The villain said he, has finished his work—he has stabbed your father's heart—I ran to him almost frantic; I thought he had made an attempt upon his life. When I found he was not hurt, I asked him the meaning of his words.

He would have me *sell* you to him, said he; he would have bribed the father to prostitute his child. Oh, Sir, said I, why do we stay under this detested roof? there is no safety for us here, said he, come, my dear, let us get out of the house, and then we will consider which way we are to turn ourselves.

My father laid hold of my hand, and I followed him, just as I was in my morning gown. We thought if we could once find ourselves in the street, we should be happy, though neither of us knew where to go, having no acquaintance in London. I had never been there before, and my father had been so long absent, that he was forgotten by every body.

We got out of my room into a little sort of anti-chamber, but found the door of that fast locked.

We now gave ourselves up for lost; our despair is not to be expressed: we sat down, and consulted what was best to be done. I saw now there was nothing that our base persecutor would not attempt, and I told my father I was resolved at all events to make my escape.

He said that the shocking wretch had given him till the next day to consider of his proposal; and he hoped, by that time, both father and daughter would come enough to their senses, to think he had made them a very advantageous offer.

I told him in that lucky interval I hoped to be able to affect my deliverance; which I thought I might accomplish, with his assistance, by tying the sheets of my bed together, and so from the window, sliding into the street.

We were both pleased with this expedient; but the next thing to be considered was, what place I should go to, as I could not make this attempt till late at night, and must

must go alone; for my father being in years, and pretty corpulent, I could not think of letting him run the same hazard, which might have put his life into imminent danger, especially as I could not give him the same help which he could afford me. This was a difficulty, till I recollected a mantua-maker, who was then making some cloaths for me; and I happened to know where she lived. To her house I resolved to go (having first settled all my previous steps) and to remain concealed there till my father should get an opportunity of coming to me. I told him as I was the unhappy object on whom Mr. Ware had designs, I supposed he would not detain my father after I was gone. He shook his head, but said, he hoped he would not.

Having now settled our little plan, we were more composed. A servant brought breakfast into my apartment at the usual hour, and dinner, and supper, in the like manner. We did not appear troubled, but as carefully avoided, seeming chearful for fear of giving suspicion.

The

The house-keeper was generally the last person up in the family; so that I was either to seize the opportunity before she came up to my room, or wait till she was asleep. The last I thought the securest method, as she was an extremely sound sleeper. I lifted up the sash in the bed-chamber, to be in readiness, and closed the shutters again.

Very fortunately my father, having received his quarterly payment from Mr. Ware just before we came to town, had fifty-guineas in his purse, half of which he insisted on my taking in case of any emergency.

About twelve o'clock the house-keeper came into the room where we were sitting, as she was obliged to pass through that to go to the room where we lay.

We heard her at the door, and my father suddenly changing the subject of our discourse, made me a sign which I understood; and as the woman entered, affected to be representing to me the charms of wealth and grandeur, whilst I seemed to listen with a sort of pleasure to him. He stopped

stopped when the woman came in, but not till he was sure she had heard what he said, for we observed she staid at the out side of the door a little while, as if to listen to our conversation. On seeing us engaged in discourse, she made a motion to withdraw, saying she would come up again when Mr. Price was retired to rest; but I told her she might if she pleased, then go to bed, as we should not sit up long. But as I suppose she had orders to lock me in after my father had left me, she did not chuse to do this. She said she was not sleepy, but would come up in half an hour, and left the room smiling.

This was an opportunity which I thought was not to be lost. I repaired to the window, and hearing a watchman cry the hour, I waited till he came under it, and having prepared a piece of paper, in which I had put a weight to carry it down, I lighted it and dropped it at his feet; it was fastened to a string, and at some distance from it above, was fastened another large piece of white paper folded up, in which I put a guinea, and in two lines written in a large plain

plain hand, beseeched him to assist me in getting down, for which I would reward him with another guinea.

The lighted paper (as I concluded it would) attracted the man's notice, he stopped and took it up, and finding another paper hanging to the string, looked up at the window. I leaned my body out as far as I could, and, in a low voice, but loud enough for him to hear me, bid him read it. He opened the paper, and, by the light of his own lantern, read the lines, at the same time taking out the guinea, which I could perceive he also examined by the same light. He then said, I'll help you, stay a little.

He made what haste he could away, and I was now afraid he intended to leave me, and return no more. My terror was inexpressible during the man's absence, especially as several people in that interval passed by; however, he soon returned with a companion; and the street being now clear, I saw he had brought a sort of plank, or board, under his arm, which he fixed from the iron pallisados a cross to the stone work which

which jutted out from the bottom of the lower windows, on this he without difficulty mounted, and being now much nearer to me, he told me he would receive me, if I could contrive to get down to him.

My poor father hastily kissed, and blessed me, and having my apparatus ready for descending, he had the farther precaution to fix some strong ribbons, which I had tied together for the purpose, under my arms; these he held in his hands, whilst I slid down by the sheets which I had fastened together corner-ways with a knot.

The trusty watchman caught me in his arms, and lifted me over the pallisados, to his comrade, who set me safely down in the street.

It was very dark, but I could distinguish when my father drew in the linen, and heard him shut the window. I then told my deliverer that I must beg a farther act of kindness from him, which was to see me safe to the street where I wanted to go.

He readily complied, and leaving it to his comrade to carry away the plank, took me

me under the arm, and we got without being molested to the mantua-maker's house.

The family were all in bed; when after repeated knocking, a maid looked out of an upper window, and asked us what we wanted. I told her an acquaintance of her mistress had urgent business with her, and begged she would step down and speak to me from the parlour window. After keeping me a long while waiting, she at length came down, I then gave the watchman the other guinea I had promised him, and dismissed him, very well pleased with his night's adventure.

After he was gone, I told the woman my name, and begged she would let me in, which she immediately did. I without scruple acquainted her with the manner of my escape, and the occasion of it; she was shocked and affected with my story, and promised to keep me concealed till my father should come to carry me to some place of greater safety; for she said, as Mr. Ware's house-keeper was her acquaintance, I might be discovered at her house.

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This terrified me exceedingly, but the good-natured woman gave me the most solemn assurances that I should be safe for the short time she supposed I should stay with her. She invited me to part of her bed, as she told me she had never a spare one, and I readily accepted of her offer.

I remained all the next day in the utmost grief and anxiety, at hearing nothing from my poor father. In the evening of the second day, a porter brought a letter to the mantua-maker, which served only as a cover for a note directed to me. Seeing it writ in my father's hand, I eagerly opened it; but oh, Madam, how shall I tell you my grief, and horror, when I saw it dated from a prison! My poor father told me, that our cruel persecutor, enraged at my escape, which he did not discover 'till next day, had charged my father with it, who immediately acknowledged he had assisted in delivering me from ruin; that Mr. Ware, after treating him with the most injurious language, demanded payment of him for the sums he said he had lent him from time to time since his father's death.

To

To this my father making no other reply, than that Mr. Ware knew he had it not in his power to refund any of that money, which, though it was a free gift he would restore sooner than lie under any obligation to such a base man, the villain was barbarous enough to have him arrested, and sent to jail, where he said he should remain, 'till his stubborn spirit should be glad to yield up his daughter to him.

My father desired me to come to him directly, and to bring some body with me to protect me by the way. I instantly obeyed, and sending for a hackney coach, the mantua-maker got her husband, a decent tradesman, and his apprentice to accompany me. We drove directly to my poor father's melancholy habitation, where they delivered me safe into his hands. His joy at seeing me again, made him for a while forget the sorrows which surrounded us.

He told me, that after he had seen me get safe into the street, and had recommended me to the care of providence, he had put every thing out of the way which had assisted me in my escape; and putting out one
of

of the candles left it in my room, that the house-keeper, when she came up, might suppose me in bed; he then went to his own. He concluded that the woman, when she went into my room, supposed me asleep. Mr. Ware was at home the whole evening, and had before that retired to rest, so that there was no discovery made that night.

My father now informed me that Mr. Ware had said, when he first made the odious proposal to him, that if I complied, he would allow my father four hundred pounds a year, and settle the like sum upon me for life; at the same time, in case of refusal, insinuating the threat which he afterwards put in execution. Thinking, no doubt, he should by this intimidate my poor father so much, that upon reflexion he would use his endeavours to prevail on me to comply; and it was for this wicked purpose he was permitted, or rather compelled, to pass the whole day with me. I would not, added my father relate this particular to you, for fear your tenderness to me might shake your virtue: but the trial God be praised! is now past; you are here
my

my poor child at least in safety. We have some money to support us for a while, perhaps the wicked wretch may relent. If he gives me my liberty I may still obtain a livelihood; and if I can get you received into some worthy family, that will protect you from his violence, I shall be contented.

My father, unwilling to expose his ungrateful pupil, and thinking when he cooled a little he would be ashamed of his conduct and release him, resolved not to apprise any of his friends in Berkshire of his situation; but wrote a long expostulatory letter to Mr. Ware, which he concluded with requesting no other favour but his liberty.

To this, Mr. Ware wrote in answer, that he was still ready to make good his first proposals, and since he now found he had got his daughter with him, he should obtain his liberty on no other terms.

My father still loath to believe him so lost to humanity as to persist in this barbarous resolution, patiently waited another month; at the end of which he again wrote him a very affecting letter; but to this he received no answer, being told Mr. Ware was gone

gone into Berkshire. He wrote to two or three gentlemen of his acquaintance there, informing them of his deplorable situation, and begging them to use their influence with Mr. Ware in his behalf. He did not disclose the enormity of his behaviour, but only said, that on a quarrel he had with him, he had confined him under colour of a debt, which it was not in his power to discharge; this he did as much in tenderness to Mr. Ware's character, as to avoid exasperating him more against him.

He ordered me at the same time to write to an old maid servant, who took care of our little house in the country, to send me my cloaths, my father's books, and such other things as belonged to him. As I had come to town but for a month, and was in deep mourning for my mother, I had left the best part of my apparel behind me, and I had taken nothing with me from Mr. Ware's but a little bundle of linen; my father had been permitted to carry his with him to the prison.

As the furniture in this little house was of no great value, my father having purchased

chased it as it stood in the house of the former curate, he made a present of it to this old servant, who had lived with him from the time he married.

He received no answer to any of the letters he wrote to the gentlemen; but I got a letter from this old servant, at the same time that she sent the things which I wrote for. And you will scarce believe, Madam, to what a height this abandoned wretch carried his crimes.

Not contented with having plunged my poor father and me into the deepest distress, he endeavoured to blast and destroy our characters in the country. He gave out that my father, taking advantage of his (Mr. Ware's) being a little overcome with wine one night, had put his daughter to bed to him, and would have insisted the next day that he had married them. To punish the ungrateful designing old rogue, he said, he had put him into jail, where he intended to keep him a month or two till he repented.

Though the respectable character my father bore in his neighbourhood made this

4 story

story incredible, yet Mr. Ware's power and influence was such, that people seemed to believe it, and applauded Mr. Ware's clemency in my father's punishment. No wonder then his letters were unanswered; they were shewn to Mr. Ware, and laughed at. The old servant, who was sure we were both cruelly belied, lamented our unhappy fate, but poor creature she could do nothing *but* lament. This last blow quite subdued my father's courage; he fell sick upon it, and languished many weeks in a most melancholy condition.

When he recovered a little from his sickness, he was suddenly struck with the dead palsy on one side, by which he lost the use of his right hand; so that I am obliged to dress and undress him like a child.

When the money which we had brought with us to the prison was spent, we were obliged to sell most of my father's books, and the best of my cloaths.

We had repeated messages from the merciless man, by his vile house-keeper, who used all her rhetorick to persuade us to compliance; but my father constantly re-

pulsed her, with contempt and indignation; 'till at length Mr. Ware, tired, I believe, with persecuting us, left us to perish in peace. He supposed my father could not hold out long, and he then concluded I should be at his mercy; for, as I never stirred out of the jail, he had no hopes of getting me into his power whilst my poor father lived.

If I had even had a place of refuge to go to, I could not think of leaving him in the wretched helpless condition to which he was now reduced. I thought therefore of applying myself to something, by which I could obtain bread for our support. I set about making those little artificial flowers, which had formerly been one of my amusements; and a woman, who was confined in the same prison with us, and worked for some shops, undertook to dispose of them for me. She had a daughter, who came often to see her, and used to carry her work and mine to the people who bespoke it.

In this manner we have languished, Madam, near eighteen months; when hearing lately that Mr. Ware was gone to Bath, and

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the girl who used to visit her mother being sick, I ventured out myself with the work. The person who employs us did live in the city, but has lately taken a shop in this street; and though it is a journey from what I now call my dismal home, I have come to her once a week, for this month past, with the product of my own, and, I may say, my fellow prisoner's labours. She this day told me she was overstocked with such flowers as I brought her, and, having picked out a few of the best of them, she left those, which you see in the band-box, upon my hands. I was returning home very disconsolate, when, to avoid your chariot, which drew up close to the house, I stood upon one of your steps, not knowing it was going to stop; and something in your countenance, Madam, I know not how, encouraged me to offer my little ware to you.

I have given you this affecting story, my Cecilia, pretty nearly in the girl's own words. I was much moved by it. If this be all fact, said I, what monsters are there among mankind!

She replied, It was all very true.

Though the girl was very young, and, as I told you, had a modest and ingenuous look, yet as I had seen such cheating faces before, I would not yield up my belief implicitly. This story might be invented to move compassion, at least, the most material circumstances of it; and though I could not suppose she had contrived it on the spot, yet I did not know but it might have been contrived for her.

I have a mind to see your father, child, said I.

She answered, quite composed, Then, Madam, you will see an object, that would greatly move your pity.

She rose up as she spoke this, saying her poor father would be very uneasy at her staying so long, and was preparing to go.

I was seized with a strong inclination to visit this unhappy father directly. If, said I, the case be as she represents it, I cannot be too speedy in my relief; and, if she has falsified in any thing, I shall probably detect her, by not giving her an opportunity of seeing and preparing him first.

It was not more than eleven o'clock; and I resolved not to defer the charity I intended. I desired the young woman to stay a while, and ordering Patty to bring down a plain black silk hood and scarf of her own, I made the poor girl, to her great astonishment, put them on. I then ordered a hackney coach to be called, and said, I would go with her to her father. She looked surprised, but not startled, which made a favourable impression on me. She appeared decent, and I desired her to get into the coach, which I ordered, according to her direction, to drive to the jail, where her father was confined.

When we arrived at this mansion of horror, for so it appeared to me, I let her go up stairs before me. She stopped at a door, and said that was the room where her father lay. I bid her go in first; she entered, and I stood without-side the door, where (as the lobby was dark) I could not readily be perceived.

I saw there a man of about sixty; and, as she had told me her father was corpulent, I did not at first take him to be the
L 3 person,

person, for he looked worn out, pale, and emaciated. He wore his own grizzled hair, and had on a cassock, girded about him with a silk sash. One of his hands was slung in a black crape; he sat pensively, leaning on a table, with a book open before him, which seemed to be the Bible.

Upon his daughter's going into the room, he lifted up his eyes to see who it was: he had a fine countenance; candour and sincerity were painted on it.

My dear, you made a long stay, said he, in a melancholy voice, I was afraid something had happened to you. What has detained you?

Oh, Sir, said she, looking towards the door, I believe I met with a good angel, who is come to visit you in prison.

I entered at these words: The venerable man rose—A good angel indeed, if her mind be like her face! He bowed respectfully.

Pray, Sir, keep your seat.

I took a chair, and placed myself by him. He did not seem in the least embarrassed, but gravely, and modestly demanded to what

what it was that he owed the honour of a visit from a lady of my appearance; for, said he, affluence and prosperity seldom seek the dwellings of the wretched.

I informed him, that, having met with his daughter by accident, she had given me a melancholy account of his situation, and that I wished to hear the particulars from his own mouth. He made an apology for the length of his story; but said, if I had patience, he would relate it. I told him, I had come for that purpose.

He then repeated to me every particular, as I had before heard them from his daughter, enlarging on certain passages, which she had but slightly touched upon. He shewed me the copies of his two letters to Mr. Ware, and that gentleman's answer to the first, as also the old servant's letter to his daughter, which convinced me of the truth of every thing he had said.

I asked Mr. Price, what Mr. Ware's demand on him might amount to?

He said, four hundred pounds, which was what he had received from him, since his father's death.

Take courage, Sir, said I, you shall not long remain here.

Ah! Madam, cried he, may God be the rewarder of your goodness! but my enemy is a hardened man; he is not to be influenced by honour or virtue.

I perceived by this that the poor gentleman had no thought of my paying his debt, but supposed I would endeavour to soften Mr. Ware in his favour. Have a little patience, said I, and we will try what is to be done.

I requested he would give me Mr. Ware's letter, wherein he promised to make good his first proposal, if he would consent to yield up his daughter to him.

I took my leave, and slipped my purse, which had ten guineas in it, into his daughter's hand as I went down stairs.

As soon as I returned home, I sent for Mr. Warner, and related to him circumstantially the distresses of this worthy father and child. His honest indignation burst forth against the base betrayer of them both; honest I must call it, though he vented his wrath in oaths and execrations on his head.

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These are proper objects, said I, to exercise our humanity on; I mean to pay his debt, and make the remnant of his days comfortable. You are a good girl, said he, you know my purse is open to you.

Oh, Sir, said I, there is no need to tax your generosity upon this occasion, the two thousand pounds you so lately gave me is but little diminished. Psha, psha, said he, I gave you that to make ducks and drakes of; it is not to go into the account; you know your quarter's income is commenced, you may have what you will.

I begged he would immediately write to Mr. Ware, who is now at Bath, and make him a tender of his money, that we might get the poor man discharged from confinement as soon as possible.

I gave him that vile fellow's letter, and advised him to let him know that he was acquainted with the whole truth of the story; which, perhaps, might frighten him into better terms than insisting on his whole demand.

Mr. Warner said, there was a merchant of his acquaintance at Bristol, to whom he

would write immediately, and order him to pay the money directly, if it was insisted on. He said, he knew his friend would readily undertake the thing, and execute it as soon as possible.

He called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote before me the following letter to his correspondent, which, as he left it with me to seal, and send to the post-office, I first copied.

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ I beg immediately on the receipt of this,
‘ you will take the trouble of riding to
‘ Bath, and there enquire for a man of fortune, one Ware, who is the greatest villain
‘ in England, and you may tell him I say so.
‘ He has kept a poor honest clergyman
‘ starving in jail this year and a half, because
‘ he would not sell his daughter to him.
‘ He pretends the parson owes him four
‘ hundred pounds, which is a lie; for
‘ though he received that sum from him, it
‘ was paid him for value received by agreement. However, as the man can have no
‘ redress, I request you will immediately
‘ tender

Miss Sidney Bidulph. 227

‘tender him that sum, and get a discharge,
‘for I will have the poor fellow out.

‘I herewith send you inclosed a letter
‘which that scoundrel Ware wrote; pray
‘shew it to him, as a token that the parson’s
‘case is known, and that he has got friends
‘to stand by him.

‘Your speedy execution of this affair,
‘and answer, will oblige,

‘Your friend and servant,

‘EDWARD WARNER.’

To Mr. William Blow,
merchant, at Bristol.

London, March 14, 1707-8.

My honest kinsman desired I would immediately send this letter off. I suppose his correspondent will have more discretion than to let Mr. Ware see the contents, but I hope we shall have a good account of this negotiation.

March 22.—I have been very impatient, my Cecilia, for an answer to Mr. Warner’s odd letter, and this day he received one. His friend at Bristol I take it for

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granted

granted acted very prudently, for he says, that having *waited* on Mr. Ware (which word Mr. Warner took great exceptions to) he acquainted him with his commission, and at the same time produced his letter to Mr. Price by way of identifying the person, as Mr. Ware at first seemed not to recollect any thing of the matter. He said, Mr. Ware blushed upon seeing his own letter, in the hands of a stranger; Aye, I remember the silly affair now, said he; the man is an old hypocrite, and his daughter is a young one; but, as I never meant to ruin him, I will forgive him the debt; and accordingly wrote a full acquittal, which the merchant transmitted with his answer.

Nothing now remained but to pay the usual fees, and get the poor old gentleman out as fast as we could. Mr. Warner undertook to do what was proper on the occasion, and instantly set about it with an alacrity that shewed the goodness of his heart.

How wonderfully shame operates on some minds! this wretched man, Ware, whom neither the laws of God nor man could restrain, has, by this single passion alone, been

been subdued. He found his base conduct was known by people whom he could not impose on; and his forgiving the pretended debt, no doubt, was meant as a bribe to prevent his disgrace from being propagated: for though he could sit down and enjoy himself under the accumulated guilt of fraud, perfidy, cruelty, oppression, and ingratitude; he was not proof against the reproach and ridicule of the world. This shews at least that he was not long practised in crimes of this sort.

March 24.—I did not see Mr. Warner again till this morning, when he entered my room making flourishes with his hands. Mr. Price and his daughter were with him—Here they are for you, said he, and it has done my heart good to deliver such honest people from their misery.

The good old man poured forth such fervent prayers, and thanks for my kindness towards them, that my heart exulted with rapture, at being the means of conferring such happiness, as this worthy parent and child seemed to enjoy. The young
girl's

girl's gratitude was silent, but not less ardent than her father's. She had kneeled down before me, and kissed my hands. I was greatly touched with the humility and tenderness of her acknowledgement.

I put an end to the grateful effusions of these honest hearts. I have done but little for you, said I, as yet; as Mr. Ware had the grace to refuse the offered sum, I shall apply that money which I intended for him, to your future use, or your liberty will avail you but little.

We shall think of some method of settling you comfortably for life; in the mean while your daughter and you shall be welcome to live with me.

I stopped him from renewing his thanks, and insisted on his saying no more on that subject. The poor old gentleman is extremely feeble and languishing from his long confinement, but I hope with proper care, as he is naturally strong, he will recover his health.

April 1. — What true delight springs from benevolent actions, my dear! I never
expe-

experienced such heart-felt satisfaction as I have received from restoring comfort to these truly deserving people. I have bought the young lady some new cloaths, plain, but genteel; and you cannot imagine what a pretty creature she is, now she is dressed. I find the old gentleman a man of admirable understanding, and great reading. He has a simplicity in his manner that is truly engaging, but at the same time a politeness that shews he is no stranger to the great world. Of his integrity he has given convincing proofs. Praised be the Lord! who has made me, and honest Mr. Warner, the instruments of delivering such a man from the depths of affliction. He mends apace in his health, but I am afraid he will never recover the use of his hand, though, as it is not painful, it seems not to give him any uneasiness. —

April 10.— I am infinitely charmed with the conversation of this couple; for the girl is very sensible, and prettily accomplished. I wish she were married to some honest man that knew her value; for I find
she

she has still terrors on Mr. Ware's account, nor is her father without his apprehensions.

He said to me to-day, if I were to die, Madam, I would conjure you as my last request to take my daughter into your service. With such a pattern before her she must be virtuous, and with such a protector I am sure she would be safe.

I told him he might rely on me, but that I hoped he would live long enough to see her happily disposed of in marriage.

If I could see that day, said he, I should then have no other worldly care to disturb me.

Here, my dearest Cecilia, I will close my very long narrative. The packet is already swelled to an enormous size, but you never think them too large.

May 14.—After so many trifles, my dear, as my journal for nearly a month past contained, you will be glad of something a little more serious. I mentioned in my last week's journal, that I had cast my eyes on a young man, who I thought would make a suitable match for Miss Price, if he were approved

proved of by her, and her father. This person is a linen-draper in the Strand, a second brother of my Patty's. You can't have forgot Harry Main, my dear, whom we both knew when a boy, remarkable for his sober behaviour, modesty, and sweetness of temper. He is just now out of his time, and his eldest brother has set him up in a handsome shop. You may be sure I am his customer. 'Tis on this lad then that I have turned my thoughts, as a fit husband for the amiable girl. I went yesterday morning to buy some linen for Miss Price, and carried her with me, as I had done once or twice before. After we had made our markets, I told young Main, with a freedom which a long acquaintance gave me, that I thought he was so well settled, he wanted nothing but a good wife to complete his happiness. He replied, he should think himself very happy if he could light on some good young woman as a partner for life. Why do you not look out for one, said I? they are not so hard to be come at. I believe, Madam, he answered, I must get some one else to do it for me, my friends laugh at me and say I am-

am too bashful to speak for myself; but I fancy were I to meet with a person that really touched my heart, I should make a shift to find courage enough to tell her so.

And have you never yet seen such a person said I? he blushed, and by an involuntary motion his eyes were turned on Miss Price, of whom I concluded his sister Patty, as she often visits him, had given him the history. He said if I commanded him to tell his secret, I should know it another time.

This was enough; I asked in a jocular way, would he take a wife of my choosing? sooner than of any body's in the world, Madam, he replied.

We took our leave, and I asked Patty when I went home, whether she had ever mentioned any thing about Miss Price to her brother? poor Patty coloured for fear she had committed a fault, but owned directly she had told him every circumstance of her story; her brother having been very inquisitive about her, from the first time he had seen her with me; and added, that she believed

believed he was down-right in love with her.

I told her if *Miss* Price liked her brother, and her father did not disapprove the match, I saw no reason why they might not make each other happy, as I should give *Miss* Price a fortune worth the young man's acceptance.

Patty said, she was sure her brother would rejoice at the offer, and that she herself could not wish him to make a better choice.

It only remained now to know how the young lady herself stood affected towards him. I put Patty (for whom *Miss* Price had conceived a great affection) upon this task. I thought she would speak her mind with less reserve to her, as I feared the obligation she thought herself under to me, might have such an influence on her gratitude, as to prevent that freedom which I wished her to use; for I was resolved not to put the least shadow of constraint on her inclinations.

Patty succeeded so well, that, without seeming to have any design in it, she drew
a con-

a confession from Miss Price very much in her brother's favour.

Being now sure that the young people liked each other, I thought I might open my design to the old gentleman, which I did in few words. How the good man was delighted with the happy prospect which his deservedly beloved daughter had before her! he has left the affair intirely to me, so that I hope to have the girl disposed of very much to all our satisfaction.

May 18.—I am charmed with Mr. Warner's noble behaviour, I claim an interest, said he, in these honest creatures that you have taken under your protection. I like the old fellow mightily, and admire the little girl so much, that, if you had not provided a better husband for her, I should have been half tempted to have taken her myself; but since it is as it is, we must do handsomely by her.

I told him I had enquired into the young man's circumstances, and found that about a thousand pounds would set him forward extremely well, and that this was the portion

tion I intended to give him with the young gentlewoman.

Well, said he, I believe that will do ; but I must make the poor thing a present myself for wedding-trinkets. And the old man too, must we not take care of him ?

Dear Sir, said I, how good you are ? you would remind me of my duty, if I myself were forgetful of it. But I have already settled a hundred pounds a year on him.

Is that enough, said he ? will it make the good fellow easy ?

Oh, Sir, it exceeds his wishes ; he intends to live with his daughter, as his growing infirmities require her tender care.

Every thing is to be this day settled. Mr. Price is exceedingly pleased with his son-in-law elect ; and the wedding will be no longer delayed, than till Mr. Main receives the answers to those letters which he has wrote to his friends in the country, to apprise them of his approaching marriage.

May. 26.—I am sure my dear Cecilia will rejoice with her friend in the acquisition she has received to her own happiness
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by conferring so much on a worthy family. The bride is this day gone home to her own house; her delighted father with her. Their prayers and blessings, poured out from truly grateful and virtuous hearts, remain with me. A reward, my dear, and a rich one too, for the self satisfying part I have acted.

My worthy Patty, whose merit alone raises her much above her station, I shall no longer consider as my servant. She has been my friend in the tenderest and most enlarged sense of the word, and she shall continue so. I have hired another maid to wait on me, and with a sort of merry ceremony enfranchised Patty on the day of her brother's marriage; for I had her dressed elegantly as bride's maid to her new sister, and she sat on her right-hand at the wedding-dinner. I look on her as my companion, but I cannot persuade her to forget that I was her mistress. She shews this by actions, not by words.

[Here follows an interval of thirteen months, in which nothing material to the thread of the story occurs. The journal contains

contains only a continued series of such actions, as shewed the noble and pious use which Mrs. Arnold made of the great fortune which providence had blessed her with. The rest is filled up with a variety of little incidents, many of them relative to her brother and his lady, to Mr. Warner, and several letters from Lady V—, with whom she constantly corresponded. At the end of that period the journal proceeds thus.]

1708.

June 28.—And shall I really be so blessed, my ever beloved Cecilia, as to see you at the time you mention? Oh, my dear, after an absence of five long years, how my heart bounds with joy at your approach! the two months that are to intervene before we meet will appear very tedious to me. But it is always so with happiness that is within our view. Before I expected you, though I regretted your absence, yet did I patiently acquiesce under it, and could entertain my thoughts with other objects; but I am now, I cannot tell you how anxious and impatient to see you. And yet, my Cecilia, we shall have nothing new to say to each other,

other, knowing as we both do every circumstance of each other's life since we parted. Mine has been a strange one; but my lot is now fallen on a fair ground, where, I hope, it will please heaven to continue me whilst I am to remain in this world. The noble, I may almost call it, princely fortune that my kinsman has settled on me, will enable me to leave my children greatly provided for, whenever it shall be God's pleasure to call me away. Let me but live to embrace my Cecilia, and then, providence, thy will be done!

June 29.—Gracious God! for what am I yet reserved? My trembling hand can scarce hold my pen, but I will try to tell you the event which yesterday produced.

I was but just set down to dinner; nobody with me but Patty and my children. A note was brought in to me, which, they said, came by a porter, who waited for an answer. I opened and read it. My eyes were struck with the unlooked-for name of Orlando Faulkland at the bottom; the contents filled me with terror and surprize. I
know

know not what I have done with the note, but he informed me in it that he was just arrived in town, and begged I would appoint an hour that evening to see him alone, adding, that his arrival was, and must be, a secret to every body but me.

Troubled and shocked as I was, I returned for answer, by the same messenger, that I should expect him at six o'clock. I need not tell you how I passed the interval 'till that hour. It was impossible for me, amidst a thousand conjectures, to form one which could probably occasion this amazing visit. So strangely introduced! so unthought of! and from one I imagined to be in another kingdom.

Precisely at six o'clock, I heard a coach stop at the door; Patty was in the way to receive him, and presently Mr. Faulkland himself entered the drawing-room. Distraction was in his looks! I rose to receive him, but shook from head to foot; and I felt the blood forsaking my face. He ran to me, as if with a design to salute me, but started back without making the offer. I made a motion to a chair for him, and sat

down myself, for I was not able to stand. You are wellcome to England, Sir, I am glad to see you—scarce knowing what I said. I hope your lady is well? He looked wildly as if in horror at the question. Then suddenly catching both my hands, he fell on his knees before me, his eyes fixed mournfully on my face, and it was some time before he could answer.

I could not speak; I burst into tears:—there was something dreadful in his silence. He kissed both my hands, but I withdrew them from him. Sir, Sir, speak I conjure you. You shock me to death! I see I have, said he, and I am afraid to proceed: you will die at the relation. For God's sake, Sir, explain yourself.—

You see a man, said he, whose life is forfeited to the law.—My wife is dead—and by my hand —.

I don't know whether he said more, for I fainted away. It seems he did not call for any help, but by his own endeavours at last brought me to myself, and I found him weeping bitterly over me.

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The sound of the last horrid words I had heard him speak still rung in my ears. I begged him to explain them.

That wife, said he, that woman whom you persuaded me to marry, I caught in adultery, and I punished the villain that wronged me with death. She shared in his fate, though without my intending it. For this act of justice, which the law will deem murder, I myself must die, and I am come but to take a last look.—What recompence then can you make the man, whom you have brought to misery, shame, and death?

His looks, and the tone of voice with which he spoke this, made my blood run cold, and my heart die within me.

I wrung my hands, and redoubling my tears, I do not need your reproaches, said I, to make me the most miserable woman on earth.—What recompence indeed *can* I make you.—None, none, but to tell you that if you will fly this instant, my fortune shall be at your disposal, and I will take care to supply you in what part soever of the world you shall chuse for your residence.

And can you after all that is past, said he, persist in such barbarity as to drive me from you? or are you determined to see me perish here? if that be so, I will soon rid you of this miserable hated wretch.

He drew his sword like a madman, and with a dreadful imprecation, which made me shudder, swore that if I did not that minute, promise to bear him company in his flight, he would plunge it into his breast, and die before my eyes—Good God, what a scene of horror was this! I will, I will, I cried. I will go with you to the farthest verge of the earth. I caught his arm, fell down on my knees, and was more mad, if possible, than himself.

I begged of him to put up his sword, which he did, seeing me almost dead with fear. You know, said he, the means of dying are always in my own power; take care you do not trifle with me, nor plead in excuse for falsifying your promise, that you made it to save me from immediate destruction.

I be-

I beseeched him to calm himself a little, and to permit me to send for my brother. Sir George you know has an intire affection for you, said I, you may trust him with your life and safety.

I had forgot him, said he; poor Bidulph! he will be afflicted when he hears my story.

I instantly wrote a line to my brother requesting to see him immediately. By good fortune he was at home, and came to me directly.

In the mean time, as I saw Mr. Faulkland's mind was exceedingly disturbed, I endeavoured, by giving him an account of my own situation, to divert his thoughts from the trouble that preyed on them; for I was apprehensive of his relapsing into the same phrenzy that had so much terrified me, if I touched on the cause, and therefore chose to defer enquiring into the particulars of his misfortune, till my brother should be present.

Sir George was equally astonished with me at the sight of Mr. Faulkland; they embraced tenderly; poor Mr. Faulkland wept upon my brother's neck. It was easy

to discover he laboured under some extraordinary affliction.

My brother looked at me as if for an explanation; he seemed to guess at least part of the fatal truth. Are you come to England alone, Faulkland, said he? I prevented the reply; he is alone, said I, he has a dreadful story to relate to you. Mrs. Faulkland is dead. I durst not ask the manner of her death, till you were by, to calm the transports of your friend.

My heart forebodes, answered my brother, addressing himself to Mr. Faulkland, that the ungrateful woman you married has betrayed you. She did, replied Mr. Faulkland, but I did not mean to stain my hands with her blood, perfidious as she was; her death be on her own head.

Sir George looked astonished; that she is dead I rejoice said he, but how, my dear Faulkland, were you accessory to it?

We were that instant interrupted. Mr. Warner passing by, called to ask me how I did, and as my brother's chariot stood at the door, I could not be denied to him, though

though I had ordered that nobody should be let in.

I was called down to him, and indeed was not sorry to have an excuse for absenting myself a while, for my spirits were quite overpowered.

Mr. Warner quickly observed that something extraordinary had happened, and as he was already acquainted with the greatest part of Mr. Faulkland's history, some particulars relative to his wife excepted, I made no scruple, relying on his prudence and secrecy, of telling him the cause of my present distress; in which he seemed to take a friendly and even paternal share.

When he was gone, I returned to the room where I had left my brother and his friend. They both seemed in extreme agitation, they were walking about.

This is an unfortunate affair said my brother, and may be attended with dreadful consequences, if Faulkland does not shew more regard to his own safety, than he seems inclined to do. I have been persuading him to retire to a place which I can provide for him, where he may lye concealed

for a day or two, till he is recovered from the fatigue of his journey ; for he has travelled night and day for these three days without sleeping.

Sir George looked at me, and by a sorrowful sign which he made, I apprehended he feared his unhappy friend's head was disturbed.

For heaven's sake, Sir, said I, be advised by my brother, who loves you ; suffer him to conduct you to some place of security ; when you have had a little repose we will both come to you, and concert such measures as shall be best for your safety.

He snatched my hand, Sir George is my true friend, said he, take care that *you* do not deceive me. I find myself giddy for want of rest. I am satisfied to be disposed of for to-night how you please. But give me your word of honour that I shall see you in the morning.

You shall indeed, Sir, I replied.

Depend upon it, answered Sir George, I'll bring her to you myself.

He looked irresolute, and as if he knew not what to say ; then turning to my brother, and leaning on his shoulder, do, dear Bidulph,

Bidulph, carry me to some place where I may lie down, for my spirits can hold out no longer.

Come, said Sir George, taking him under the arm, my chariot is at the door, I will bring you to a house where you may be quite at home.

Mr. Faulkland rivetted his eyes on me, as my brother led him out of the room, but he did not speak.

Sir George whispered me that he would return again. They went into the chariot together and drove away.

It was ten o'clock before my brother returned. He told me he had lodged Mr. Faulkland safely at a friend's house in whom he could confide, as he did not think his own, in case of a search, a place of security. He said he had seen him in bed, and hoped a little sleep would compose his mind, which seemed very much disturbed. I requested my brother to give me the particulars of that terrible affair, which Mr. Faulkland had mentioned. Sir George related to me what follows, though Mr. Faulkland, he said, told the story but incoherently.

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Mr.

Mr. Faulkland said he had no reason to be displeased with his wife's conduct for more than a year after their marriage; her affection for him seemed lively and sincere; and he had made her the most grateful returns, it being the study of his life to render her happy. Her love abated not of its ardor, and he had all the reason in the world to imagine himself intirely possessed of her heart.

Whilst Mr. Faulkland's house in the country was building, he had been invited by a neighbouring gentleman, who lived at the distance of about three miles from his own place, to stay at his house; which obliging offer Mr. Faulkland had readily accepted, as by that means he had daily opportunities of seeing, and expediting his own improvements.

Mr. Bond (that was the gentleman's name) had a wife and two or three daughters, all very agreeable women; with whom Mrs. Faulkland had, by living so much in their family, contracted a great intimacy; but particularly with the eldest, a sprightly fine young woman, of about
twenty

twenty years old. They had been three or four Months at Mr. Bond's; their house, which was nothing more than a little lodge, was finished; and they only waited till it was thoroughly dry to remove into it, as Mr. Faulkland had laid out extensive gardens, in the finishing of which he proposed to amuse himself some time; for he acknowledged to my brother, he was in no haste to return to England.

During their residence with this gentleman, they had made two or three excursions to town. On their return from one of these, after an absence of about a fortnight, they found a visitor at Mr. Bond's; his name was Smyth; he was an officer, a genteel handsome man, and they were given to understand he made his addresses to the eldest daughter; of whom he had been an admirer a long time, but durst not make his pretensions known to her father, till having lately been promoted in the army to the rank of major, the young lady's parents admitted his visits to their daughter. She had long before that acknowledged to Mrs. Faulkland in confidence, her attach-

ment to him. Mr. Faulkland, who had learned this secret from his wife, was very glad to find that Miss Bond, for whom he had a great esteem, was likely to have her wishes accomplished, as he saw that Major Smyth was treated with distinction by her parents, who complimented him with a bed at their house; for he generally staid two or three nights with them, every time he paid them a visit, as his regiment was then quartered at a town about fifteen miles distant from their house.

The Major, without being a man of very shining parts, had such talents as made him acceptable to the women. He sung prettily, was lively to extravagance, full of agreeable trifling, and always in good humour. Miss Bond loved him; and as he was considered in the light of a person who would shortly be one of the family, Mr. Faulkland soon contracted a friendship with him, which the Major, on his part, seemed very solicitous to improve.

The marriage was now agreed on, and was only deferred till the young lady's brother should be at age, as he was to join with
his

his father in making a settlement on his sister. This desirable event was at the distance of four months ; but as the lover was in the mean time permitted to enjoy so much of his mistress's conversation, he seemed to submit to the delay with patience.

Things were in this situation, when Mr. Faulkland, thinking it time to remove to his own house, proposed it to his lady ; but she objected to it, declaring she did not think it safe, as the house had been so lately built. Though indeed it was now perfectly well seasoned ; for the shell had been intirely finished some time before Mr. Faulkland had gone to Mr. Bond's house, and it was only the inside work, and a kitchen that was built apart from the lodge, that wanted to be completed. Mr. Faulkland was unwilling to oppose his lady in any thing ; but he was the more solicitous that she should comply with his request in this particular, as he thought he had observed that the eldest Miss Bond, had, of late, behaved with more coldness towards her than usual. Though he was far from guessing the
the

the cause of this, he thought it, however, a sufficient reason for their removal. He was afraid they had already staid too long; and that, perhaps, notwithstanding the good nature and hospitality of the family, they all now secretly wished their absence. This, though he intended to make a suitable return for their friendly reception of him during so long a time, made him resolve not to continue there; and the more so, as Miss Bond, who was present when he proposed it to Mrs. Faulkland, seemed to wish for their departure; as she dissented from that lady with regard to her opinion of the state of the new house, and seemed to think there could no danger attend their immediate entrance into it. Mrs. Faulkland seemed nettled at this, and immediately assented to her husband's proposal; the next day they took their leave of Mr. Bond's family, and repaired to their own house.

Mr. Faulkland, from this period, remarked a change in his wife's behaviour; she grew melancholy and peevish; but as she complained of not being well, he imputed the alteration in her temper to that alone;

alone; and the more so, as she did not abate in the tokens of her seeming affection for him.

Mr. Bond's family frequently visited them; Major Smyth always made one of the party, and often came without them. Though they lived but at the distance of three miles from each other, yet as the road for carriages between the two houses, being a-cross one, was very bad, the ladies were often prevailed on, if they staid late, to lye a night at Mr. Faulkland's, and in consequence of this, Mr. Bond and the Major had frequently done the same when they were of the party.

Though Mr. Faulkland was far from having any injurious suspicion of his wife, yet he could not help observing that all her complaints vanished, when ever this family were at her house. This, however, he ascribed to nothing more than her being fond of their company, though he thought a coolness between her, and the eldest Miss Bond, was still apparent. The principals of the family, however, behaved with their usual frankness and good-humour, and Mr. Faulk-

Faulkland thought there might be some little female pique between the two ladies, which was not worth enquiring into.

As they punctually returned the friendly visits of these agreeable neighbours, Mrs. Faulkland always proposed passing the night there, to induce them, as she said, to use the same obliging freedom at her house. Mr. Faulkland, on those occasions observed, that his lady always rose much earlier than usual, but unsuspecting as he was, he was satisfied with the reason she assigned for it, that of enjoying the pleasant hours of the morning in a very delicious garden; a pleasure which they could not have at home, as Mr. Faulkland's improvements were only in their infancy.

The mutual intercourse between the two families was thus carried on for more than three months, when the time drew near, that Miss Bond and her lover were to be united, and every thing was preparing for the purpose. The young Mr. Bond was come home from the college, and the house on this occasion was more chearful than ever.

ever. Mr. Faulkland and his lady were there at a ball one night, when the latter, after dancing a long time, complained suddenly of being violently ill, and either really did, or pretended to, faint. She was immediately conveyed to bed, and, at her request, another room prepared for Mr. Faulkland. He, extremely alarmed at her indisposition, came to her bed-side, purposing to sit up by her the whole night; the youngest of the Miss Bond's offering to do the same, but Mrs. Faulkland absolutely refused them both, and about midnight, saying she found herself inclined to sleep, insisted on their retiring; nor would she admit a servant to stay in the room, but contented herself with having a candle burning on the hearth.

Mr. Faulkland, who really had an affection for his lady, was impatient the next morning to enquire after her health; he found her in bed, the complaints of the preceding night all renewed.

The family were extremely disconcerted at this unlucky accident, and expressed the utmost uneasiness, all but the eldest Miss Bond,

Bond, who was silent; and heard her mother and sisters condoling with Mr. Faulkland, not only with unconcern, but a suppressed smile of contempt, which did not escape Mr. Faulkland's observation. He now began to resent such a behaviour; which he thought very unkind; and told his lady he wished she was in a condition to be removed, as he was fearful in her present situation it might be very inconvenient to the family to have her remain sick in their house; especially as it quite broke in on the mirth and festivity which were now going forward.

To this she replied, that she found herself so very weak and dispirited, which she said was always the consequence of those faintings, to which she had been subject from her childhood, that she could not think of leaving her room. She made a shift, however, to rise, and said she hoped in a day or two to be able to remove.

Mrs. Bond, who was of an extremely humane and tender disposition, begged of her not to think of stirring till she found her health perfectly re-established: Mrs. Faulkland thankfully accepted her offer, and Mr. Faulk-

Faulkland, though reluctantly, was obliged to acquiesce.

They remained thus two days longer, Mrs. Faulkland's complaints still furnishing her with a pretence for sleeping alone; and, under colour of not giving trouble in the family, she would not suffer a maid to sit up with her.

Major Smyth, who had been in the house all this time, had now some call to his regiment, which obliged him to go to the town where it lay, and Mr. Faulkland heard him give his man directions for their journey.

Mrs. Faulkland still kept her room, and had not left it since the time she was first taken ill. It happened that the chamber which was assigned for Mr. Faulkland, immediately joined his lady's, and was only separated from it by a wainscot partition, by which means he could hear the least stir in her chamber.

The unsuspecting injured husband, whose anxiety for his faithless wife had always made him watchful and attentive to her motions, happened this night to be more than ordinarily so. The family had now
been

been for some hours buried in sleep; every thing was profoundly silent for some time. Mr. Faulkland, who hoped his lady was settled to rest, was endeavouring to compose himself to sleep, when he heard her stir. This immediately roused him, and raising his head off the pillow, he found she got out of bed. Though she seemed to use the utmost precaution, he nevertheless heard her very distinctly open her door, and go out. Surprized as he was at this motion, no other thought occurred to him, than that perhaps Mrs. Faulkland, finding herself ill, had got up to call some of the female servants. Prepossessed with this belief, he started out of bed, and hastily slipping on his cloaths, ran into his lady's room, where he found her candle still burning.

As he concluded she would presently return, he waited some minutes in her chamber; at length, perceiving her cloaths lying on a chair at her bed-side, he was afraid she had gone out without putting any thing on her, and though the night was not cold, he was apprehensive, that in her apparently

weak.

weak condition, her health might be farther injured.

On this account, he determined to go in quest of her; and concluding she had gone to the apartment of the female servants, which was on the floor over that on which they lay, he ascended the stairs as silently as possible.

As he was passing by a room on the top of the first flight, he heard some one speak in a low voice, and listning, fancied it was his wife's.

As he knew not who lay in the room, he made no doubt but that it was she, who was calling the person that slept there; and, without farther reflexion, hastily opened the door, and went in, with the candle, which he had taken, in his hand. On his sudden entrance, the person, who was in bed, eagerly called out, Who is there? He soon perceived by his voice, that it was Major Smyth. He was about to make an apology for his intrusion, when perceiving his lady's wrapping gown, which he had seen her wear that morning, lying on

on the floor, and in the same instant recollecting that he had heard a woman's voice when he was without-side the door, the horror of her guilt rushed upon him at once, and without making any answer to the major, he suddenly drew back the feet curtains of the bed, where he plainly perceived that the major had a companion, though she had hid her head under the cloaths.

The major instantly leapt out of bed, and though he saw Mr. Faulkland was unarmed, he snatched up one of his own pistols, which lay on the table, and which his man had charged that night, as they were to go a short journey the next morning. Mr. Faulkland, in the first transports of his rage, seized the other; the miserable woman, observing their fatal motions, threw herself out of bed. Mr. Faulkland was too much distracted to be able to give a distinct account of this dreadful incident; all he can say is, that Major Smyth snapped his pistol at him, which, he thinks, missed fire, and he instantly discharged his with more fatal success; for Mrs. Faulkland, who had in the instant rushed between them, shrieked out, and

and dropped on the ground; and the major, reeling a few steps, fell against one of the pillars of the bed, and cried out, He has killed us both.

Mr. Faulkland says, that, after this dreadful action, without knowing what he did, he ran down stairs, and opening the front door, made the best of his way home on foot. The phrenzy of his mind was such that he thought not of providing for his safety; but having got into his house, he had no intention of going farther, when, in less than a quarter of an hour, one of his servants, whom he had left behind him at Mr. Bond's, a faithful fellow, who had lived with him many years, came to him, scared and breathless, having ran himself almost dead to overtake his master.

Oh, Sir, said he, for heaven's sake, get away as fast as you can: Mr. Bond's family are all in an uproar; you will be taken, if you do not make your escape this instant.

Have I killed any body? demanded Mr. Faulkland.

Oh, Sir, answered the man, you have killed my lady, and Major Smith is mortally wounded. I know

I know not what I did, cried Mr. Faulkland, but I did not mean to hurt your mistress.

I believe it, Sir, replied the servant, but I fear nobody else will, for that wicked wretch, though they think he cannot live many hours, would take away your life if he could. The report of the pistol alarmed the family, and we all ran into his room, gentry and servants and all; the major was able to speak, but my lady was quite dead.

The account he gives is, that my lady's candle having gone out, she got up to get it lighted, and was endeavouring to find one of the maid's rooms, when passing by his, and seeing a light, for he was but just got into bed, she stepped in; and before she had time to retire again, you rushed in like a madman; and seeing his pistols lye on the table, you snatched them both up, and discharging one at your lady, which killed her on the spot, you fired the other at him, while he was leaping out of bed. I am sure Sir, this is a false story, yet, as the family may all believe it, I beg you, on my knees, to provide for your safety. Miss

Bond was tearing her hair for her lover; but I heard her say, she was glad that wicked woman (meaning my lady), had lost her life.

They had sent off some of the people for a surgeon, and I ran as fast as I could to warn you of your danger.

This honest fellow, not contented with urging his master, soon saddled a very swift hunter, which he had in the stable; and Mr. Faulkland, now convinced of the necessity of flying, mounted it directly, and, attended only by one groom, galloped off to Dublin, which he reached by seven o'clock in the morning, and was lucky enough to arrive just as a packet, which was going off with an express was ready to sail. He went on board, and landed at Holly-head in twelve hours; from thence, without stopping night or day, except to change horses, he rode post to London, and presented himself, in the manner I have already told you, before me.

Such, my Cecilia, are the dismal particulars of this sad story. My brother staid

with me 'till it was very late; our time was past in consulting on measures for Mr. Faulkland's preservation. He said, he would advise him, by all means, to get over to Holland as fast as he could; for if that story, which the execrable Smyth had invented, should be believed, and it was very likely to gain credit in case he died of his wound, and persevered in it to the last, Mr. Faulkland, having no witness to disprove any part of the charge, would be in imminent danger of losing his life.

I need not describe to you the horror in which I passed last night. I rose this morning at day-light, and was but just dressed, when I was informed Mr. Warner wanted to speak to me. I went down stairs to him directly.

I could not sleep all night for thinking of your affairs, said he, without any previous salute; and I am so impatient to hear Faulkland's story, that I could not rest 'till I came to you to be informed of it, for I suppose you heard every thing last night.

I related all the particulars minutely as I have done to you, Mr. Warner never once interrupting

interrupting me. When I had ended the story, what do you intend for Faulkland, said my kinsman? I know not what to do, Sir, I replied, but this I am sure of, that if it were in the power of wealth to relieve his afflicted mind, he has an undoubted right to a large portion of the fortune I possess; this I think myself bound to bestow on the man, who, when I was destitute, offered me his. If we can prevail on him to take care of his own safety, which, when he is a little more collected, I hope we shall be able to do, I must entreat your assistance, Sir, in helping me to make him as easy as his unhappy circumstances will admit of—And is this *all*, demanded Mr. Warner sternly? does not your gratitude suggest a warmer recompence than giving him a paltry income?

I was startled at the question, and not replying immediately, you must marry him, said he in a peremptory tone; there is nothing now to hinder you; the heavy misfortune which has fallen upon him, puts it in your power to make him such a return as his prosperous days would not have allowed you. You can confer an obligation on him

now; so *that* scruple is rubbed out. As for any former idle aspersions, you have already done more than enough to convince the world they were without foundation. I could wish indeed that jezebel of a wife had been cut off in the common way; but since he was guiltless in his intentions, it would be barbarous to make *that* an objection, and I dare answer for it, all mankind will acquit him, though the law perhaps may not, of that scoundrel's death, who so well deserved it at his hands.

I told Mr. Warner, that though Mr. Faulkland had proposed something like this, I was sure it was owing to his distracted mind, for that he had at first declared he only came to take a last look at me, and that I hoped, when he came to the cool use of his reason, he would be far from urging such a request — The more are you bound then, said he, interrupting me, to deal generously by him — What does your brother say upon the subject? He has not touched upon it, I replied, I was so taken up with hearing Mr. Faulkland's melancholy story from my brother, that I mentioned not to him

him his wild propofal; and as Sir George told me Mr. Faulkland was much more compofed when he left him to his reft, I prefume he hinted nothing of that kind to my brother.

Ay, ay, cried Mr. Warner, Sir George to be fure will change his note. Faulkland is now a fallen man, therefore depend upon it he will not be for your marrying him; but for this very reafon, I infift on your doing a noble thing. If you have a grain of honour, or of gratitude in you, you will not hesitate a moment. I will not defire you, continued he, finding me filent, to carry your gratitude fo far as to marry a mad-man, if he fhould prove fo; but if on your vifit to him this morning, you find him compofed, and in his right mind, make him a frank offer of your hand, and fee you do it handsomely; confult not George, upon the fubject, I will have it all *my* doing. Go, added he, if I did not know that at the bottom of your heart you *love* Faulkland, I would not make this a point with you; but notwithstanding all your pretended demurs I am fure that is the cafe.

I should be disingenuous to deny it, answered I; far from doing so, I will own that I should prefer him before all the world, if the strangeness of his present situation did not frighten me. Trouble not your head about that, cried Mr. Warner, if the man is in his senses, do as I bid you, and take care that you acquit yourself with honour.

He left me without waiting for a reply. What can I say or do, my Cecilia? my heart and my reason are at variance. What a strange dilemma am I driven to? nobody to advise me. Mr. Warner, precipitate and fanciful in his determinations, urges me on to I know not what. Marry Mr. Faulkland! receive a hand stained with — Oh the very thought is terrible!

What would the world say to such an union? it cannot be. He will not sure when he comes to the use of his cooler reason insist upon a promise, which my own terror, and his desperation, extorted from me.

I must try to convince Mr. Warner's judgment; I hope he will not obstinately persist in pressing me to what I dare not
comply

comply with

. My Brother is just come to carry me to Mr. Faulkland. Heaven grant I may find him restored to his right mind!

. Just returned from my visit to Mr. Faulkland. What a scene! he wrung my very heart. I would I had never seen him.

We found him up, and walking about his room; his looks much more composed than they were last night.

On our entering his chamber, his eyes sparkled with pleasure. He ran to my brother, and embraced him. Thank you my dear, dear Bidulph, said he, you at length give her to me, and with her own consent too. My bride! turning passionately to me, and snatching my hand.

My brother seemed shocked, and cast his eyes mournfully at me: mine moistened, and I was obliged to apply my handkerchief to them, turning my head away.

Tears! cried Mr. Faulkland, in a tone of surprize, and on our wedding-day! I could not bear this, I sobbed aloud. My

brother was willing, if possible, to give his thoughts another turn, for not knowing what had passed the day before, he thought this was some sudden start of phrenzy.

My dear Faulkland, said he, you affect my sister too much; we have been consulting for your safety, and came to talk with you upon it.

I think there is no time to be lost, and that you ought immediately to retire into Holland.

I am ready, replied Mr. Faulkland, but Mrs. Arnold goes with me, I have her promise for it.

Sidney shall follow you, answered my brother, making a motion to me to shew he would have me humour him in his ravings. I will not go without her, cried Mr. Faulkland; the universe shall not now part us.

I was almost distracted with apprehension, and knew not what reply to make; my brother looked confounded, and was silent.

Mr. Faulkland approached me, and with a look of gloomy despair, you are both mute, said he, Bidulph, I always thought

you

you loved me. Mrs. Arnold I hoped did not wish my death ; but I am deceived in you both — I have no farther business with life — The friend I most confided in betrays me ; the woman whom my soul worships, and to whom I sacrificed all my hopes of happiness, repays me with ingratitude. Why should such a wretch any longer submit to life ? I have borne it too long already ; but there's my remedy, pointing furiously to his sword, which lay in the scabbard on a table.

I could no longer contain myself, but bursting into tears, Oh, Sir, said I, accuse me not of ingratitude ; I would to heaven *my* death could repair the heavy afflictions I have brought upon you ; if it could, I would welcome it this hour. Your reproaches, cruel as they are, I forgive. I own myself the unhappy cause of all your misfortunes ; we have been mutually fatal to each other. You know I always valued and esteemed you, and have in your calamity already been sufficiently punished for the share I have had in bringing it on you. What shall I say to you, Sir ? my whole

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fortune I think too small, too poor a recompence, to the man who has obliged me beyond a possibility of return. Yet what have I to offer more? can you, Sir, can you urge me to a marriage at so strange a juncture? think how it will expose us both to censure. Your long attachment to me has not been a secret. Think what dreadful constructions may be put on *your* conduct, nay, on *mine*, should a union now take place, brought about, as it must appear, by so terrible an event.

Mr. Faulkland was silent, his eyes fixed on the ground. My brother took up the argument. Indeed, my dear Faulkland, my sister has reason for her fears. You know I ever was your sincere friend; you know too I always was of opinion that Sidney ought to have been your wife; her former objections I thought were romantic scruples, and hardly forgave her refusing you. The present obstacle has more weight in it—Do not mistake me, added he hastily (seeing Mr. Faulkland raise his eyes full of resentment at him) I wish my sister still to be yours, and will consent to your marriage with

with my whole heart; but let me conjure you to take a more favourable juncture: withdraw yourself but for the present; your affairs may not be so desperate as you imagine. If that villain Smyth should chance to recover, perhaps his conscience may awaken remorse, and he may be prevailed on to do you justice. In that case you must be cleared from the most distant imputation of what my sister hinted at, and what has but too justly alarmed her. Cleared as your character will then be, and conscious as we both are of the innocence of your intentions, there will remain no bar to Mrs. Arnold's giving you her hand.

Smyth *cannot* recover, interrupted Mr. Faulkland, sullenly — there is no hope can spring from that. Then answered my brother, at worst you can but live abroad; all parts of the world are alike to such a philosopher as my sister is; and probably, circumstanced as your marriage will appear, she may like best to reside out of England.

Mr. Faulkland shook his head, and with a smile of indignation, leave me, Bidulph, cried he, I cannot bear *your* attempting to

deceive me. You think me mad, and are cruel enough to endeavour at imposing on me — I know my mind is disturbed — but who has driven me to despair! to madness! to death! and he cast a look at me that chilled my blood.

Be satisfied, Madam, you shall soon be rid of this fatal — hated — betrayed — abandoned wretch! he spoke this with his hands grasped eagerly together, and his eyes lifted up to heaven. Then striking his breast, he burst into tears, and rushing suddenly into his closet, he shut the door violently, locking it on the inside.

He wept aloud, and his agonies reduced me almost to the same condition with himself.

I begged my brother would endeavour to prevail on him to open the door, for I was fearful of his making some dreadful attempt upon his own life; but Sir George a little quieted my fears, by shewing me his sword, which still lay on the table, and which, at my desire, he put out of the way.

My brother approached the closet door, and in the most soothing language beseeched

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ed him to open it; but he could get no other answer from Mr. Faulkland than to beg he would leave him to himself.

I found this was not a time for arguing. I told my brother, we had better suffer him to vent his passion alone, and that, perhaps, when he had time to reflect a little on what had been said, he would permit his cooler reason to govern him.

Sir George was very unwilling to leave him in such a distracted state of mind; he renewed his efforts to persuade him to come out of the closet, but to no purpose.

I beseech you to leave me, Sir George, said he, I am not in a condition to talk—I cannot bear the sight of Mrs. Arnold—let me recover myself—another time perhaps I may be better able to discourse with you.

Will you promise me then, replied my brother, that you will in the interim do nothing that may be injurious to your life or health? Indeed, my dear Faulkland, you distress my sister and me more than you can imagine. Name the hour when you will permit me to come to you again; and
for

for heaven's sake think of your own immediate preservation: *that* once secured, there is nothing which my sister and I will not afterwards do to make you happy—— Can I rely on you, Faulkland? do you promise me not to be rash? You have my sword in your possession, answered Mr. Faulkland, (still speaking within the closet) I have no other weapon about me—leave me, Sir George—I cannot talk.

Say but that you wish to see me again, replied my brother, and I will go, and give you no further trouble. Mr. Faulkland sighed deeply. Say, I wish to see you! he repeated, ah, Bidulph! and his voice seemed choaked. My brother could not refrain from tears. I will come to you in the evening, Faulkland—You will find me your true friend.—I should be loath to lay you under any restraint here, in the house of my friend; do but say there is no need of it. Promise me—the slightest word will suffice. I know my dear Faulkland will not break his word.

Well—I will not attempt my life, cried he impatiently, let that satisfy you—leave me,

me, and let me not be exposed to any insults here.

I leave you, answered my brother, and hope to find you more composed a few hours hence. Mrs. Arnold too begs you will be calm, and think of preserving a life which is so dear to us both.

Mr. Faulkland was silent, and my brother and I withdrew; he thought it best I should not speak to him.

Sir George left me at home, and said he would call again on Mr. Faulkland in the afternoon, and bring me word how he should find him. My brother is exceedingly affected with his situation, and says he knows not what to advise. He is fearful that Mr. Faulkland's phrenzy is not to be calmed, but by consenting to marry him, and circumstanced as he now is, that thought is terrible. Yet, if I persist in my refusal, I drive the noblest of minds to desperation. Oh, my Cecilia, is this the return I ought to make to the most generous of men? whose fervent love for me has been a constant source of torment to him for so many years! Yet how can I yield him
my

my hand? All my former scruples, weighty as they appeared to me, were light to the dreadful bar that now interposes.

Had that ill-fated woman died the common way, with what joy, what exultation could I have rewarded his honest persevering love! all my duties fulfilled, obedience to my mother, justice to the woman I thought injured, reverence to the memory of my husband, the respect due to my own character. Should I not, my Cecilia, after thus being acquitted of all other obligations, have been to blame, if, after a series of misfortunes, all brought on by my strict adherence to those duties; should I not have been to blame for refusing at length to do justice to the most deserving of men? When I reflect on the past, when I survey the present, and my foreboding heart whispers to me the future sufferings of our dear unhappy Mr. Faulkland, all my philosophy forsakes me. I have borne up under my own sorrows — his quite subdue me — I must lay by my pen — my eyes are brim-ful of tears Ah, my dear, what will become of us? I am almost dead with
appre-

apprehension. Rash, rash, unhappy Mr. Faulkland! He has fled from the house where my brother had concealed him: I know not what I am writing, my fears distract me. 'Tis but two hours since we left him, Sir George relying on his promise, and unwilling to provoke him by any appearance of constraint, gave no caution to the gentleman with whom he was lodged to observe his motions; he is ready to kill himself for this neglect; but relying on Mr. Faulkland's promise not to make any attempt on his life, he suspected not that he would endeavour to escape. Escape do I call it? rather let me say, to throw himself into certain destruction.——He is set out on his way for Ireland. Heaven knows what will be the consequence of this, if my brother does not overtake and persuade him back. He is gone after him, my cousin Warner with him; both rode post.

My thoughts are so confused, I can put nothing in order. It seems we had not long quitted him, when he called up his servant (that groom who, as I informed you, had come over with him) and telling

ling him he was going out of town, ordered him to go directly to an inn somewhere in the city, and hire two post-horses, and that he would follow him presently.

The man obeyed, and in about half an hour, his master came in a hackney-coach to the place where he had directed him to wait for him.

Upon the inn-keeper's enquiring whither the horses were to go, Mr. Faulkland replied, to St. Albans. The man objected to the length of the stage, and named Barnet. Mr. Faulkland seemed impatient and angry; his unusual earnestness, his wild looks, and the road he purposed taking, alarmed his servant (a discreet elderly man) and he had the prudence immediately to dispatch the master of the house, whom he prevailed on by a piece of money, to go directly to my brother with this intelligence.

He had the precaution not to mention his master's name, only bade him find out Sir George Bidulph, and tell him that his friend was set out for St. Albans, and that his man had dispatched him with the news, and would, if possible, endeavour to detain him

him on the road, that Sir George might overtake him.

The man was punctual in delivering his message. My brother, wild with amazement and horror, just called as he past my door, to tell me this new and unexpected misfortune. Mr. Warner had that instant come to enquire what had past between Mr. Faulkland and me in our interview this morning. I had no time to tell him anything. He looked very much displeased at my brother and me, upon hearing Mr. Faulkland was gone; but said he would accompany Sir George, and they both hurried away together.

The man said, Mr. Faulkland had set off before he could leave his house, the servant having scarce time to give him the message.

I fear it will be impossible for my brother to overtake him — He will be lost for ever — what then will be my portion? Happy had it been for me indeed, as my dear mother once said in the bitterness of her heart, that I had died in my cradle!

Tuesday-

Tuesday-night twelve o'clock.

Heaven be praised, they are returned! *All* returned; Mr. Faulkland has been prevailed on to come back, Mr. Warner has prevailed on him. He has saved his life; but, my Cecilia, thy friend's temporal happiness, and peace of mind, is the only price that could ransom this desperate self-devoted victim!

Mr. Warner has bound himself by a solemn oath that I should become his wife, or Mr. Faulkland, determined on his own destruction, would, spite of all they could do, have pursued his fatal journey to Ireland, in order to deliver himself up to justice.

It was near ten o'clock before they returned to town. My brother carried Mr. Faulkland back to the gentleman's house, where he was before lodged; and my kinsman left them together, in order to come and give me an account of what passed.

He said the gentleman, at whose house he was lodged by my brother, was extremely surprized at seeing him again, Mr. Faulkland having with great composure taken

ken his leave of him in the morning; and after thanking him for the shelter he had afforded him, told him he was going out of town.

My brother and my kinsman overtook him above a mile on this side St. Alban's, for which success they were intirely indebted to the prudence of the servant who attended him: for the poor man, finding him pushing on with the utmost eagerness, and Mr. Faulkland no longer making a secret of his intention of returning to Ireland, resolved at all events to prevent his ruin; and hoping that by a little delay, Sir George might overtake them, contrived at their first stage so dexterously to slip a nail in between the horse's shoe and his hoof, that he knew he could not go far without being lame.

This succeeded so well, that the poor animal was soon disabled, and Mr. Faulkland not having it in his power to mount himself better, was obliged to go on at a very easy rate, till they arrived at the next stage.

Mr. Warner and my brother overtook him in this situation: Sir George knew him as soon as they came in sight of him, and followed

following him at a proper distance, still keeping him in view, 'till he alighted at the post-house. They then at once entered the room, into which he had retired, whilst fresh horses were getting ready.

Mr. Faulkland started at the sight of my brother; he looked earnestly at Mr. Warner, whom he had never seen before; but spoke not to either of them.

Sir George, pursued my kinsman, accosted him affectionately: Dear Faulkland, was this kind of you, thus to fly from your friends that love you? He presented me to him at the same time, naming me as his relation.

Mr. Faulkland grasped the hand, which I reached out in salutation to him; he fixed his fine sparkling eyes on my face: Is it Mr. Warner whom I have the honour to salute? Sir, I am no stranger to your worth: I honour, I revere you. You are too good to interest yourself thus for an unhappy wretch, cast off, and forsaken by all the world.

Do I forsake you, Faulkland, cried your brother, kindly enough? No, Faulkland, I am

I am your constant sincere friend, and will prove myself so, if you will but let me. Mr. Faulkland made no reply.

Dear Faulkland, am I not your friend? You are Mrs. Arnold's brother.—You are not the man you were. Indeed, Faulkland, I am; I am your true friend; suffer me to be so, come back with me; Mr. Warner and I have followed you, in the hope of prevailing on you to return with us; do, Faulkland, let us persuade you to preserve a life so dear to us all.

What am I to live for, answered Mr. Faulkland sternly? *You* have tried to deceive me; the man I loved most, now I am fallen, rejects me. Your sister persists in her obstinate cruelty towards me; she breaks her promise, and you encourage her in it. I have neither friends, fortune, or country! and do you talk to me of life on *such* conditions? No, Bidulph, it is a burden, of which I will rid myself.—Mr. Warner, *you* are a generous man, *you* have an enlarged mind; may a stranger ask a favour of you?

I could

I could have wept, continued my kinsman, to see such a frank noble fellow driven to such desperation. Command me, Sir, I replied, there is nothing I would not do to serve you.

I thank you, Sir; I have a little son; let me recommend the unhappy orphan to your protection. He will soon want a father: will you be one to him, Sir? I will send him over to you; he laid hold of my hand, and repeated his question, Will you Mr. Warner? *You* have an enlarged mind, and do not despise the unfortunate.

I cried downright; he touched me to the very quick. I never was so affected in my life; and I own I was heartily displeased both with you and your brother, for driving him to such extremities: *You* especially, on whom I laid injunctions to act in a contrary way. As for Sir George, I am not surprized at *his* behaviour.

From Mr. Faulkland's discourse, proceeded my kinsman, it was apparent to me, that his distraction proceeded from no other cause, than his belief that you and your brother slighted him in his misfortunes. It

was plain when he fled to England, that he was sufficiently in his senses to be anxious for his own safety; and though the sight of you, joined to the hurry of his spirits, his fatigue, and want of sleep, might, in a man of such violent passions, have created a temporary phrenzy, yet I am very certain it would all have subsided, if you had behaved to him as you ought to have done, and as I desired you would: nor do I see how you can answer it to yourself, after the miseries you have already brought on such a glorious man (for I never saw his equal either in mind or person) to persist in a behaviour which has already turned his brain, and must in the end occasion his death: for death he is determined on, if you refuse to become his wife.

Oh, Sir, cried I, leave him not to himself, I conjure you; you see the influence you have over his mind; you have done wonders in bringing him back. —

Hold, replied Mr. Warner, till I inform you of the means I was obliged to use.

I have told you how I was affected with his situation, and the request he made me to

take care of his child. This was not the suggestion of madness; it was plain to me, that if the cause were removed, he would soon be restored to the perfect use of his reason, and I could not bear to see the desolation of such a noble frame, and all charged to your account.

Sir, I hope you do not mean, said I, to return to Ireland, do you not know the risque that you run by putting yourself into the power of an exasperated family from whom you can expect nothing but the most malevolent persecution?

I deliver myself up to the laws, replied Mr. Faulkland; my life is devoted, 'tis indifferent to me how I die.

Suppose, said I, Mrs. Arnold should consent to marry you, would not that reconcile you to life?

Oh, Sir, and he shook his head, I am not to be deceived *twice*. (Your brother walked about the room without taking part in the conversation.)

I do not mean it, Sir, Mrs. Arnold must be yours; I can influence her; do but return back with me, I give you my honour

I will

I will do my utmost to prevail on her to give you her hand immediately. Her heart is hardened, Sir, she will not consent, replied he. I have no friend to urge her, I am an outcast, and not fit to live—I will urge her, Sir, she respects me, she will be guided by me; she shall fulfil the promise she made you—Oh, Sir, you but deceive yourself—she will find out new excuses, I am not to be again allured by false hopes.

He stepped towards the door as he spoke these words, and was about to open it. Your brother followed, and laid hold of his arm; I did the same. Sir George, said he, expose me not to insults, why do you persecute me? leave me, Sir, I am *not* a madman—but I am *determined*—and he spoke it as if he were *indeed* so.

For heaven's sake Faulkland, said your brother, be composed: you have Mr. Warner's word of honour; you shall have mine too, that we will do our utmost to persuade Mrs. Arnold to consent to your wishes. You have *my* full consent, you have won Mr. Warner to your interest, my sister will yield to our joint entreaties.

Yield, he repeated, no, no, Sir George, she has a stubborn heart. I once thought it otherwise; but it is turned to stone, nothing but my death will satisfy her, and she *shall* be satisfied.

He made an effort to break from us. Stay Mr. Faulkland, said I, again laying hold of his hand, and I here swear to you by every thing that is sacred, that if you will suffer me to conduct you back into Mrs. Arnold's presence, I will insist on her immediately accepting of you for her husband, or I will for ever renounce all friendship with her: I know she esteems and values you above all men, I am therefore sure, I do no violence to her inclinations; and if she perseveres in her obstinate punctilios, I swear to you by the same oath, that I will no longer oppose you in your resolutions, let them be what they will.

Sir George, added I, Do you join with me in giving your friend the same assurances? I do, answered he, solemnly addressing himself to Mr. Faulkland, and swear by all my hopes of happiness hereafter, to act in conjunction with Mr. Warner

Warner in every particular that he has promised.

Mr. Faulkland seemed to be moved, he looked wistfully at us by turns, as if willing, though afraid, to yield to our entreaties.

At length, I *think* I may rely on you, said he, you will not break an oath (to Sir George) but that woman has such an *inflexible* heart! you cannot change *that*.

We will do our utmost, we both answered together. Remember then, said he, stretching out a hand to each of us, you have sworn, if she persists in her resolution, that you will leave me to myself, and oppose me no longer. We have. I will go back with you then, cried Mr. Faulkland, and stepped again nimbly to the door.

It will be best, said I, if we can hire a coach to carry us; there is no necessity for our riding post, and we shall be less liable to observation than if we were on horseback. Mr. Faulkland looked as if he suspected some design; do you not mean said he, to go directly back to London? Certainly, I replied. And shall I see Mrs.

Arnold to-night? Without doubt, if you desire it. Let us go then, said he; I think a coach is a tedious way of travelling, but I submit to *your* guidance.

I left Sir George with him, and went out to enquire whether we could be provided with a coach and four; which after some delay was procured for us. We prevailed on Mr. Faulkland, whilst it was getting ready, to take a little refreshment. He asked us, by what means we were informed of his departure.

Sir George, unwilling to let him know that his servant had discovered it, evaded the question; and only replied, Do you think Faulkland, that in the humour I left you, I could be inattentive to your motions? I am not a madman, Bidulph, I must not be treated like one. I do not think you one, answered your brother, but I know you are warm, and too fearless of danger.

When the coach was ready, Mr. Faulkland very willingly got into it with us. He spoke but little, and appeared very thoughtful during our journey.

The

The coachman stopped at an inn, after we had driven about fifteen miles, to bate his horses for a while. He seemed startled at it, and said he would not alight. We told him there was no occasion, but your brother and I chose to go into the house, that he might not think we watched him. He seemed pleased at this, and smiled when we set forward again, but did not speak.

When he arrived in London, Now, Sir, said I, we will, if you please, go directly to Mrs. Arnold's house. As I am sure your absenting yourself in the manner you did, exceedingly afflicted her, so am I certain your return will give her sincere joy. I am ready therefore to attend you immediately to her; but if I may advise you, I think it were better that I should first see and talk to her. It will be proper to prepare her, by giving her at least one night to reflect on the important event, which I expect will take place to-morrow. Sir George, what are your sentiments? I am of your mind, replied your brother; I think my sister ought by all means to have so much time given her for recollection. If Faulkland

has no objection to it, we will go to my friend's house, where he was before. When you have seen my sister, you may come to us there with her determination.

C I have submitted myself for the present, answered Mr. Faulkland, to your guidance: To-morrow remember I am to be at liberty. Bidulph, beware how you watch my motions again.

Your brother then directed the coachman to his friend's house, Mr. Faulkland not opposing the motion. I went in for a few minutes merely to satisfy myself in what manner Mr. Faulkland had escaped from thence in order to inform you.

Mr. Faulkland was very urgent with me to go to you. Keep me not long in suspense, Sir, said he, I may as well know my fate to-night, as to-morrow.

I left him with a promise to return with your final answer. You know *my* sentiments, you know your brother's, and it rests on you to pronounce sentence of life or death (for your answer imports no less) on a man who is worthy of the greatest queen in the

the universe. What do you say, Mrs. Arnold, must Faulkland die?

Heaven forbid, cried I, no, Sir; I should be inflexible *indeed*, if, after what you have told me, I were any longer to resist. I yield, Sir, to your request, to Mr. Faulkland's, and to my brother's; and I will own at the same time that my heart strongly impels me to consent. Yet, my dear Sir, believe me I should have resisted *that* impulse, if I could hope that my refusal would not be followed by consequences too dreadful to be thought on. There is therefore *no* alternative; I *must* be the wife of Mr. Faulkland.

The sooner the affair is finished then the better, said he; Faulkland stands here on slippery ground; perhaps some of the Bond family may by this time be arrived in England, and in pursuit of him; therefore let your marriage be dispatched immediately, and send him away directly to Holland. I suppose when he has made sure of you, he may be prevailed on to go without you. Oh, Sir, said I, urge this request to him I beseech you, it is of the last importance to

me that he should comply with it, and the only preliminary that I have now to make to our marriage. Yes, yes, answered my kinsman, I think we shall convince him of the necessity of this. I shall escort you to Holland myself, for I have business at Rotterdam; and I had thoughts of taking the voyage if this occasion had not offered. We will but just stay to settle some affairs here, and observe what measures can be taken for his service, and then follow him. Take courage, my dear, continued he, seeing me look sad, all may come right again. I love out-of-the-way adventures, and this I think is one. We will live like princes let us go where we will. I only wish that your brother were *against* the match, that I might have the more pleasure in forwarding it; but I need not grudge him that *once* in his life he has shewn some token of generosity.

I will return to Faulkland, I long to set his noble heart at ease. Strange perverse creatures your sex are! it amazes me that any thing could tempt you to reject such a man! were I a woman, I should run mad
for

for him. Well, I will go to him, and let him know without any farther demurs you will give him your hand to-morrow morning. Our honest friend Price I think may join you. I will call on him, after I have seen Faulkland, to bid him prepare for the business. I will myself have the pleasure of giving you away. Good by — and away he went with a pleased busy countenance.

I took up my pen as soon as he departed, and have scribbled thus far without suffering any reflections to stop me. Let me now lay down my pen, to pause before I leap into the frightful precipice that opens before me

. To-morrow! Ah, my Cecilia, what is that morrow to produce? it joins me for ever to Mr. Faulkland! the chosen of my heart, my first love! the man who adores me; who deserves all my affection, who has obliged me beyond all recompence. Who has a claim to my warmest gratitude, to my esteem, to my whole heart. I save his life, I have the power to make him happy; my brother, my kinsman urge me; my own heart too prompts me. Why

cannot I then reconcile myself to my lot? Oh that question is answered by a fearful image that starts up to my fancy — I am not superstitious, yet believe me, my dear, I am at this instant chilled with horror.

I am ashamed to confess my weakness, but I must call Patty to sit with me the remainder of the night. I cannot think of rest!

Wednesday Morning.

I have passed the whole night in endeavouring to fortify my mind against the important event that a few hours will accomplish. If Mr. Faulkland's mind should again become tranquil, which my kinsman gave me room to hope would be the consequence of gratifying the ardent wish of his soul, I must take care not to disturb it by shewing any reluctance in yielding him my hand. Had an Angel *once* told me that I should give my hand *reluctantly* to Mr. Faulkland, I would not have believed it; yet fatally circumstanced as our marriage *now* is, it cannot be otherwise.

And yet I *ought* to be his. I owe him a great sacrifice, and I am about to pay it.

I am

Miss Sidney Bidulph. 351

I am dressed and ready. I wait for my kinsman, or my brother, one of whom, or both perhaps, will be here presently
. Mr. Warner is come;
I have but just time to tell you that my brother and Mr. Price are with Mr. Faulkland. My kinsman says he is quite a new man. They wait for me, I go. Heaven guide my steps

Thursday. — My fate is accomplished! What a change! Join with me, my dear Cecilia, in beseeching heaven to look graciously down on me in my new state, and to guide and protect my beloved Mr. Faulkland, my ever destined husband. Alas! my dear, he is now many miles separated from me.

The worthy Mr. Price performed the sacred ceremony. Mr. Warner did the office of a father. He and my brother were all who were present.

There is something so amazing in all this, I can scarce credit my senses; but my life has been a series of strange, strange events!

I am

I am so bewildered, I cannot connect my thoughts; but I will try to give you my yesterday's *vision*, for I can hardly persuade myself that what I recollect really happened.

I broke off just as Mr. Warner called on me, to carry me to the house of my brother's friend.

While we were in the coach, he told me, that having the night before informed Mr. Faulkland of the joyful news of my consenting to marry him the next day, he seemed at first to doubt, and repeatedly conjured him not to deceive him; till having received the most solemn assurances of its being true, Mr. Faulkland gave himself up to such ecstasies, as made them apprehensive his joy might have effects almost as fatal in their consequences, as his despair was likely to produce before.

Mr. Warner had a mind to lower him a little, and thought, by putting him in mind of his danger, somewhat to allay his transports.

Mrs. Arnold's consent to make you happy, said he, fills me with extreme joy; but it is not now a time to indulge it: you
are

are here in peril of your life; you must preserve it now for Mrs. Arnold's sake. For Mrs. Arnold's sake! he replied with ecstasy, yes, yes, 'tis now worth preserving. Mr. Warner, Kinsman, Friend of my life, (grasping his hand) dispose of me as you please; you shall guide all my steps. Will not Mrs. Arnold go with me after we are made one?

If, after having considered what may be urged to you on that head, you should still continue to desire it, replied my cousin, she will without doubt accompany you. But, my dear Sir, consider, circumstanced as you now are, what will the world say, should she accompany your flight? It will fix an indelible stain on her character, which is dearer to her than life, and which I am sure, upon cooler thoughts, you will prize at an equal value. This marriage will be a profound secret to the world; it may remain so as long as we please. I have business in Holland, which will demand my presence there in a very short time. Her accompanying me thither can give rise to no suspicion. I will dispatch my affairs with
all

all possible speed, and conduct her to you.

The joy that before lighted up his countenance, pursued my cousin, seemed a little clouded. He took a turn or two about the room, as if to consider of what I had said; then, addressing himself jointly to your brother and me, You are both cooler than I am; perhaps you may judge better; let me but call her *mine*, I will then do as you would have me. I cannot determine on any thing now.

As soon as my sister and you are married, said Sir George, I think, Faulkland, you ought to get out of England with all the speed you can. It will be but a short absence; Sidney will soon follow you. What do you purpose doing in regard to your son? I had forgot him, cried Mr. Faulkland. Poor child! My heart has been in such tumults since Mr. Warner came in, that I could think of nothing but the blessed news he has brought me. But I must not neglect my boy. I will write to the honest servant that I left behind; he shall bring him over: you, my dear Bidulph, will take care of him,

him, 'till an opportunity offers of sending him to me.

I hope there will be no need, replied your brother, of sending him out of England; your affairs may yet turn out so as to permit your return into your own country. —

Impossible! interrupted Mr. Faulkland: if Smyth should ever recover, *his* representation of the other accident cuts off every hope. He will not, for his own sake, confess the truth, but impute the error of my fatal hand to premeditated guilt. Heaven knows, base as she was, I would not have attempted her life; but I was born to be the avenger of those crimes, into the commission of which I, perhaps, first led her. As for the contemptible villain who wronged me, I do not repent of the punishment I inflicted on him; though probably, had I been allowed a moment's time for recollection, I might have taken vengeance in a manner more worthy of myself.

I was delighted, proceeded Mr. Warner, to find him so cool and rational in his reflexions. He continued talking calmly and reasonably on the subject of his misfortunes;

tunes; but on the mention of your name, started again into transports; but they now seemed to be only those of joy, upon the prospect of what was to happen the next day.

After I left him, I went to Mr. Price, who promised to be in readiness at the appointed hour.

We were now got to the house of my brother's friend. Mr. Warner led me upstairs into the room, where Sir George, Mr. Faulkland, and Mr. Price, were sitting together.

Mr. Faulkland was so agitated at the sight of me, that having risen to salute me, he was not able to speak; but seizing both my hands, he kissed them fervently one after the other tears dropping on them as he held them to his lips. Every one was silent; we were all too much affected to speak. My brother was the first that broke silence. Well, Faulkland, said he, have we not kept our promise?

Mr. Faulkland turned towards him: Oh, Bidulph, forgive me for doubting; I am afraid I have used you ill: Can you pardon
the

the madness that I was driven to by despair? —Mr. Warner, Mrs. Arnold, I believe you think me distracted. Indeed I am not. I was only — (and he seemed to hesitate for a word) weary of life. —I thought I had lost every thing. —The world was grown a desert. —No one in it for me.

You formed a wrong judgment, my dear Sir, answered Mr. Warner; you find yourself now with your sincere friends; Sir George and myself are both so; and your bride, your dear Mrs. Arnold, is ready to give you her hand. I *am*, Sir, said I, and if your happiness still depends on me, it gives me joy that I have at length the power of *bestowing* it.

I have no words, he replied, I can find none, it is all *here*; and he laid his hand on his heart, his eyes fixed with delight on my face.

I beheld him now, my Cecilia, in a light in which I had never before viewed him; overwhelmed by misfortunes, of which I accused myself as being the author. I saw him an exile, likely to be deprived of a noble fortune, his heart pierced with remorse
for

for an involuntary crime. I saw too that he loved me ; loved me with a fervent and unconquerable passion. Of this, in the anguish of his soul, at a time when he was wrought up to phrenzy, he had given but two strong demonstration. Shall I own it to you, my Cecilia, I think I never loved him as I did in that moment.

My heart was at once assailed by a variety of passions ; amongst which, gratitude, and the softest compassion, were predominant.

I continued silent, whilst Mr. Faulkland remained ardently gazing at me.

My brother, I believe, thought us too solemn ; the occasion indeed required it : but his fears for Mr. Faulkland made him wish to give the scene a livelier turn.

Come sister, said he, let us not defer the happy event for which we are now met, we have no time to waste in ceremony. You remember what our mother used to say, ' Many things fall out between the cup and the lip'. My brother rose off his chair as he said this. Mr. Warner taking the hint, approached, and took me by the hand.

Let

Let *me*, said he, to Mr. Faulkland, have the happiness of bestowing this best of Creatures on the man that I think *best* deserves her.

Mr. Faulkland made no reply; but in taking the hand that my kinsman put into his, his looks spoke the rapture that swelled his heart; though I saw he put a constraint upon himself, and endeavoured to assume a deportment suitable to the important and solemn occasion.

After the indissoluble knot was tied, my brother desired Mr. Faulkland to retire with him into the next room for a few minutes.

I concluded it was in order to press his departure, and to prevail on him to submit to going without me.

This I found afterwards was the subject of their conversation.

They returned to us in about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Faulkland's countenance less embarrassed than it was at going out of the room. On their entering, Mr. Price took his leave. My brother addressed Mr. Warner and me. Faulkland, said he, is convinced of the necessity there is for his immediately withdrawing from England, and he
is

is determined to depart from hence at three o'clock to-morrow morning; for I would by no means have him leave London by daylight, as we know not who may be on the watch to trace his steps. He has consented that you, sister, should remain behind till Mr. Warner's affairs will permit him to conduct you over. In the mean time Master Faulkland is to be brought from Ireland; and if you should not be ready to depart before his arrival, you may take him over with you to Holland.

Mr. Faulkland seemed rather to *suffer* my brother to make this explanation for him, than to assent chearfully to it. Mr. Warner and I however laid hold of it, and immediately entered into discourse on the subject of our domestic concerns, and the measures proper to be observed on so critical an occasion.

Mr. Faulkland joined in the conversation with the utmost composure; and to my unspeakable joy seemed perfectly settled and collected in his mind. I thought indeed he appeared a little constrained, and that he seemed to keep a constant guard over himself,

self, lest he should betray any symptom of a too much heated imagination : but my kinsman afterwards observed with pleasure to me, that this denoted nothing more than a consciousness in Mr. Faulkland of the unhappy wandering that had before so much alarmed us all ; and into which he was sure there was not the least danger of his relapsing, as his heart was now perfectly at ease.

Mr. Faulkland told us he had letters to write to Ireland, which he would dispatch, that he might have nothing to interrupt the few short hours we had to pass together in the evening.

Mr. Warner said he had business to do that called him away, but that he would return after dinner : and my brother (that Mr. Faulkland might be quite undisturbed) proposed my going home with him, and that we should come back together in the afternoon.

Mr. Faulkland did not object to this, and I went with Sir George.

We returned early in the afternoon to Mr. Faulkland. As my brother had let his
friend

friend into our secret, we passed up stairs without any notice being taken of us.

Mr. Faulkland had writ two letters; one of them very long, to Mr. Bond, which he gave my brother to read, but I know not the contents of it. The other was to that careful honest servant whom he had mentioned to us, with orders to bring over Master Faulkland with all convenient speed, and put him into Sir George's hands.

Mr. Warner but just called in upon us in the evening, he said he had been making the necessary preparations for Mr. Faulkland's journey; and that having resolved himself to attend him as far as Harwich, he would, at the hour appointed, call on him in a coach, which should carry them a few miles out of town, where the horses were to wait for them.

Worthy, compassionate, and generous kinsman, how I love you for the honest warmth of your heart!

My brother and Mr. Faulkland had a great deal of discourse about the necessary measures that were to be taken by us all; and we passed the evening in a kind of

chastened satisfaction, which could not arise to happiness from the near prospect we had of parting.

About ten o'clock my brother took an affectionate leave of his friend, he excused himself from accompanying him on his journey, on account of Lady Sarah's not being well.

To see *such* a parting, would at another time have deeply affected me, but my own hour of separation drew near. It came, and Mr. Warner, punctual to his time, hurried Mr. Faulkland almost by force into the coach, and drove off with him.

I threw myself into a chair which he had ordered for me, and was carried home. I went not to bed; but had recourse to my pen. God preserve my dear fugitive! I can do nothing but weep.

July 2.—My mind was too much unsettled yesterday to dictate any thing coherent. I am now, thank heaven, more composed. Sir George and Lady Sarah have been with me during the greatest part of the day; both kind and consoling. My brother

ther seems to have all his former affection for me revived in his heart; he is indeed charmed with my justice, as he calls it. Lady Sarah, who at the bottom of her heart is no way concerted about this event, affects however to think as her husband does, and commends me for my generosity.

I feel myself easier in proportion as I think Mr. Faulkland gets farther out of the reach of danger. Sir George says by this time he may be on his voyage.

I shall certainly wait till the child arrives, in order to take him with me. My two little girls will be fond of such a brother, for he is a charming boy.

My brother flatters me with a possibility at least of Major Smyth's recovering; and if so, he says that Mr. Faulkland may stand his trial for the other accident, as he is in hopes Smyth will not persist in his villainy so far as to add perjury to his other crimes.

I have but little expectations of justice from so bad a man, but I would not discourage my friends in their endeavours to comfort me.

July

July 3.—Mr. Warner is returned from Harwich, after having seen Mr. Faulkland safe on board the packet, and even under sail for Holland.

What a benevolent heart has this good relation of mine! Indeed I dearly love and respect him. His return has revived my spirits, and I begin to lose my fears. He brought me a short letter from Mr. Faulkland; short it is, but his heart speaks in every syllable of it. I will not give you the contents, my Cecilia, you will think it too extravagant, too romantic, for a husband to write so to his wife.

July 6.—I long, yet dread to hear accounts from Ireland. I fear that wretched Smyth is dead. No mail has arrived from thence these eight days. Contrary winds they tell me detain the packets on the other side very often for a fortnight together. If that be so, how fortunate was Mr. Faulkland in seizing on a lucky hour for his departure from the Irish shore.

I suppose Mr. Bond's family, whom he must have rendered very unhappy, particularly the daughter, are all now his implacable enemies; and are tormenting themselves in being detained from the pursuit of their vengeance. But let them come now when they will, he is far out of the reach of his foes.

I would it were possible for my Cecilia to arrive in England before my departure for Holland. Indeed, my dear, I shall not be sorry if I am detained from Mr. Faulkland, till I have the happiness of first embracing you, as our separation may be afterwards of a long continuance. I shall wait for the arrival of Master Faulkland, and who knows but adverse winds may detain him till your return. Oh! that I may pass though it be but one day, with the dear companion of my youth before we are again divided!

I will not send this packet off, till I am ready to depart from England, as that will be closing an important period of my life. What would I give that my dearest friend would come, and instead of this tedious nar-

rative which I have written, receive the account from my own lips ! If my wishes should not be granted in this, cannot you make Holland your way home ? Mr. Faulkland purposes staying at the Hague till I go to him.

July 9. — Cecilia ! have I been a murmurer at the decrees of providence ? have I been an impious repiner when heaven has poured down its wrath upon my head ? if not, why am I marked out for divine vengeance ? before I lost my senses, or my life, for both I cannot retain, hear the last act of your friend's tragic story.

My brother called on me this day ; he gave me a letter directed to Mr. Faulkland, which came under a cover to him. Read it, said he, it is from Ireland, and may contain something material for us to know.

It was from the honest servant Mr. Faulkland left behind him. See what he says, and then tell me if I ought to live any longer.

‘ Honoured Sir,

‘ I have the happiness to send you a piece
‘ of good news, which made me wish for
‘ wings to have flown over to you with it.

‘ My lady, Heaven be praised, is not
‘ dead, nor so much as hurt. I am thank-
‘ ful for this, Sir, on your account, not
‘ her’s.

‘ I don’t know what possessed the people
‘ at Mr. Bond’s, to tell me she was dead;
‘ the mistake, to be sure, was occasioned by
‘ the great confusion the family were thrown
‘ into, and indeed, from what I myself saw,
‘ I was sure she was actually dead.

‘ Major Smyth lived ’till the surgeon
‘ came; but had been speechless for two or
‘ three hours, and died whilst his wound
‘ was probing.

‘ My lady had only fallen into a fit, and
‘ the major having bled prodigiously, she
‘ received a great deal of his blood upon
‘ her linen, and as he afterwards contrived
‘ to throw himself on the bed, which was
‘ at some distance from the place where she
‘ had fallen, it gave occasion to Mrs. Bond,

‘ (who

‘ (who was herself the first person that entered the room, after the sad accident) on finding my lady lying senseless, pale, and bloody, on the floor, to suppose she had been killed.

‘ This alarm ran through the family, and was confirmed to me by every one in it, as we servants soon quitted the chamber; and the major himself said, that you discharged one of the pistols at your lady, and the other at him.

‘ I returned to Mr. Bond’s in the morning, after you were gone off, to enquire whether Major Smyth was alive or not; he was just then dead.

‘ The waiting maid informed me, that my lady, to their great surprize, was recovered, having only been in a fainting fit, which held her above an hour, without her shewing any signs of life; and that she had fallen from one to another till morning: and she farther said (begging your honour’s pardon) it would be no great matter if she had died in one; for she believed it was for no good she went in the major’s room at that time of the night.

‘ I staid about the house all day to pick
‘ up what intelligence I could from the ser-
‘ vants. Young Mr. Bond, with two or
‘ three men, went to your house, and not
‘ finding you there, I suppose, rode in pur-
‘ suit of you ; but, Heaven be praised, you
‘ have escaped their hands.

‘ The waiting-maid, who is a very civil
‘ young woman, told me, in the evening,
‘ that my lady, being come a little to her-
‘ self (though I believe not in her right
‘ mind) was informed of the major’s death ;
‘ at which she was so exceedingly terrified,
‘ that finding herself ill besides, she con-
‘ fessed the whole truth of the matter, and
‘ proved, that the major died with a lie in
‘ his mouth : so that I hope Mr. Bond’s fa-
‘ mily will not be so spiteful as to prosecute
‘ the affair any farther.

‘ My lady was sent home directly in the
‘ chariot, as they could not bear the sight
‘ of her any longer in the house. She takes
‘ on mightily ; but we all bless ourselves,
‘ that she is alive.

‘ I shall make bold to inclose this, ac-
‘ cording to your order, to Sir George Bi-
‘ dulphe ;

Miss Sidney Bidulph. 321

‘dulph; and as soon as I receive your com-
‘mands about Master, shall make no de-
‘lay in this unlucky place. I am,

‘Honoured Sir,

‘Your dutiful and obedient servant,

‘FREDERICK HILDY.’

June 26.

Adieu, my Cecilia, adieu; nothing but
my death should close such a scene as this.

Here, to the editor’s great disappoint-
ment, Mrs. Arnold’s interesting story broke
off; that unhappy lady not having continued
her journal any farther.

But as this seemed to be one of the most
affecting periods of her life, his curiosity
induced him to enquire of the gentleman
from whom he received those papers, whe-
ther he could give him any farther light in-
to her story; as he thought it not impro-
bable that he might have learned, from
his mother, some other particulars relating
to her.

His friend told him, that he knew his
mother had drawn up a narrative of the

subsequent remarkable events in the life of Mrs. Arnold, at the request of a particular friend; that he had once heard it read; but, as he was then a boy, it made but little impression upon him; that afterwards, when he wanted to have his curiosity gratified, his mother told him, she could not find the manuscript, and feared it was lost. However, he said, he would search her papers, and, if he recovered it, it should be at his service.

After some time, the gentleman informed the editor, that he had made the strictest scrutiny into his mother's papers, and could find nothing relative to the subject of Mrs. Arnold, excepting a few loose sheets, which seemed to have been the foul copy of the beginning of her narrative; and, at the same time, put them into his hands.

These the editor offers to the publick, as he received them, without any alteration or addition.

CECILIA'S

CECILIA'S NARRATIVE, &c.

B E I N G

A SUPPLEMENT to Mrs. ARNOLD'S
JOURNAL.

I SET out on my return for England, immediately after the receipt of her last journal, the melancholy close of which had exceedingly terrified and afflicted me.

Immediately on my arrival in London, I flew to the dear friend of my heart; she was still at her house, in Pall-mall.

I found the dear Sidney alone, in her bed-chamber. She had been prepared to receive me; but, though I had endeavoured to arm myself with resolution for this affecting interview, I was not mistress of myself at the sight of her.

The tears I shed did not spring from that sweet emotion, which long severed friends feel at seeing each other again; I wept in

sorrow for the heavy misfortunes of the best of women.

But Mrs. Arnold, still herself, and superior to adversity, received me with the tenderest marks of friendship, and with a composure that amazed me.

Piety, meekness, and patience, were ever Mrs. Arnold's characteristics; and they now all appeared blended, and so strongly impressed on her beautiful face, that I could not look at her without admiration.

As I was astonished to find her so calm under so trying an affliction, I could not help expressing myself to that purpose; but Mrs. Arnold checked me, with this reply: 'I have been set up as a mark, my Cecilia; let me fulfil the intention of my Maker, by shewing a perfect resignation to His will. I hope, my task is almost finished, and that he will soon permit me to return to the dust from which I came.'

Frederick Hildy had arrived from Ireland above a fortnight before, with Master Faulkland, a beautiful child of about five years old. They were both lodged in Mrs. Arnold's house.

She

She told me, that Sir George Bidulph and Mr. Warner had set out together for Holland, immediately after the receipt of the letter, which informed them of Mrs. Faulkland's being alive.

My brother, said Mrs. Arnold, thought it necessary himself to be the bearer of news so fatal in its import to his friend. He hoped besides he should be able to persuade him to return and stand his trial for having killed Major Smyth, as there is no doubt of his being acquitted; all Mr. Bond's family being now convinced, from Mrs. Faulkland's own confession, that there was nothing premeditated in this fatal event, and that what Mr. Faulkland did was in defence of his own life.

I have writ, continued she, to Mr. Faulkland, to endeavour to console him under our mutual misfortune.

At my request, she shewed me a copy of this letter; wherein she assured him, she would take the tenderest care of his son, 'till the child could be delivered safe into his hands; and conjured him, for that child's sake, to be careful of his own interest

terest and preservation ; adding, that as their ill-fated marriage was an absolute secret to every one but the persons immediately concerned, she hoped he would not suffer the thoughts of it to break in upon his future quiet ; and concluded with beseeching him to forget her, as they were never more to meet.

This was the substance of what she wrote. There were no murmurings at her fate, no womanish complainings, mixed with the tender, yet noble sentiments of her heart. She endeavoured to conceal her own anguish under the mask of contentment, that Mr. Faulkland might the better support this final destruction of all his hopes.

I asked her, whether she had heard since from Mr. Faulkland ? She told me, she had as yet received no answer from him to this letter, but that she had heard severally from Sir George and Mr. Warner, who both informed her, that Mr. Faulkland, after his first transports of surprize and grief were over, at receiving this new and unexpected blow, had grown more calm, and seemed inclined to return with them to England.

Sir

Sir George added, in the last letter she had from him, that they only waited 'till Mr. Warner had accomplished the business that he had to do in Holland, and hoped, before a fortnight was at an end, to return home, and to have the pleasure of conducting Mr. Faulkland back.

It is ten days, continued Mrs. Arnold, since I received this account, and I flatter myself, that they may be now on their journey homeward.

Mrs. Arnold said, that she waited but for Sir George's return, in order to deliver Master Faulkland into his hands, and that she then meant to retire into the country, with her two children, and Patty, the faithful companion and partner of her grief.

Lady Sarah Bidulph, who would gladly have gone with Sir George to Holland, had been persuaded by him to stay behind, in order to bear his sister company in her affliction; and Mrs. Arnold said, she had dedicated much of her time to that friendly purpose.

Her Ladyship came to pay her a visit whilst I was there. I had never seen Lady Sarah

Sarah before; and we were introduced to each other.

I took my leave of Mrs. Arnold, and promised to see her again the next day.

In the morning, as I was preparing to go to her, I received a note from Lady Sarah Bidulph, earnestly requesting the favour of seeing me, at her house, in St. James's Square, before I went to Mrs. Arnold.

I obeyed this unexpected summons, and immediately waited on her.

I took the liberty, Madam, said she, of desiring to see you here this morning, at Sir George's request: He arrived late last night, and brings most melancholy news from Holland.

Sir George entered the room while she spoke. After the first greetings of friends long parted were over, I am afraid to ask, Sir George, said I, yet am impatient to learn something of Mr. Faulkland, your lady has terribly alarmed me; Mr. Faulkland is not returned; I dare not enquire the reason. Tears instantly sprung into Sir George's eyes. He returns no more, said he, his remains

mains are soon to be conveyed to England to be laid with his ancestors.

Ah, Sir, cried I, what will poor Mrs. Arnold say to this fresh misfortune?

It was on that account Madam, he replied, that we now requested to speak with you, before you saw my sister. You, who are her bosom friend, can more tenderly disclose this melancholy event than any one. I have not the courage to see her. We must beg of you, dear Madam, to prepare the unhappy Sidney for the news.

I asked him the manner of Mr. Faulkland's death. I cannot positively say, answered Sir George, but much I fear he precipitated his own fate.

Mr. Warner, or I, constantly staid with him from the time we disclosed the fatal account we brought concerning Mrs. Faulkland. Knowing as we did the violence of his temper, we were apprehensive of sudden and dreadful consequences; but he deceived us both; for after the first starts of passion were over, which though they shocked, did not alarm us, as we expected them, he assumed a calm resignation to his fate;
and

and talked with such a rational composure of the strange circumstances of this incident, than we began to entertain hopes, that the efforts of his reason, joined to our constant endeavours to sooth and console him, would in time so far succeed, as though we never expected to see him, restored to a tranquil state of mind, we yet flattered ourselves he would submit to life upon such terms as Providence thought fit to impose on him.

I was with him, proceeded Sir George, when he received a letter from my sister. His hands shook so on perceiving by the superscription that it came from her, that he let the letter drop. Read it for me Bidulph, said he, and tell me how it fares with Mrs. Arnold.

I instantly complied with his request. I found by the date of the letter that it had been delayed much longer than it ought to have been, which I immediately observed to him, as he had often expressed his uneasiness at not hearing from my sister.

Mrs. Arnold is well, said I, giving him
the

the letter; read what she says, and let her teach you fortitude.

He withdrew to a window to peruse it. After he had read it, I admire your sister's stoicism, said he, stepping back to his chair. This is true philosophy, laying his finger on the letter which he still held in his hand. Her heroic soul is still unmoved, and above the reach of adversity. Happy Mrs. Arnold — What a vain fool was I to think that such a mind as *hers* could be subdued. He paused and seemed for a while buried in thought. Then putting the letter up in his pocket, he began to discourse on some other topic.

We passed the evening together, continued Sir George, and though Faulkland was far from being chearful, I thought he appeared more tranquil than he had done since my arrival.

I talked to him of his returning to England with me. He said with a smile, I think I ought to go if it were for no other reason but that I may have my dust mingled with that of my forefather's; and this office,

fice, Bidulph, I expect from you, if you should outlive me.

I laughed at him, and said I thought he had a much more material reason that pressed his return.

Your estate, said I, is unsettled ; and if you were to die abroad in the predicament in which you now stand, what is to become of your son ?

I have already done for my son, said he, all that I thought in justice was in my power to do : I have long ago settled my personal fortune on him, that in case my next heirs, should on account of the illegitimacy of his birth, claim the family estate, he may have a handsome support without it.

And indeed I never wished to debar my lawful heirs in favour of this child ; though I love him tenderly, and they are worthless people, whom I despise, and with whom I never had any intercourse.

I replied, if that were so, as the manner of the child's birth was a secret, I wished he might, undisturbed, inherit his father's fortune, when he should come to pay the last debt to nature.

He

He answered, where such a vast property was at stake, there would not be people wanting whose interest would engage them to discover the secret ; and he doubted not but the irregularity of his wife's conduct, had already occasioned enquiries to be made.

Supposing, said I, you had had another son by Mrs. Faulkland since your marriage—as you could have no objection to the bequeathing your fortune to him, would it not have appeared strange in the eyes of the world that you should disinherit your eldest son ?

It might have appeared so, said he, but I certainly should have done it : and for that reason, as I have no child but him, I have made such a disposition of my fortune as I now tell you. If I live, I may increase my son's patrimony ; if not, he must be contented with that which I have bequeathed to him, and let my kindred scramble for the rest.

We staid together till it was late ; he discoursed on a variety of subjects, but mentioned not my sister's name during the whole time.

I thought

I thought I left him well, and his mind tolerably composed. We were to set out on our return in six days; but an account was brought to me in the morning, that Mr. Faulkland was found dead in his bed.

There were no symptoms discovered on the body that could let us into the occasion of his death; but as my own fears suggested too much, I chose not to be particular in my enquiries. Wishing rather that his fatal story should be buried in silence.

Mr. Warner found that his affairs were likely to delay him longer than the time proposed; and as I had nothing farther to detain me in Holland, I set out the day after my unfortunate friend's death, leaving to Mr. Warner, the care of conveying his remains to England, agreeably to the desire he had expressed, which I now considered as his last injunction laid on me.

Thus, proceeded Sir George, by a series of fatal events, each of which was occasioned by motives in themselves laudable, has one of the bravest and most noble minded men on earth been cut off in the prime of his youth

youth — Oh! Faulkland, why did you suffer that gallant spirit to be vanquished? —

Sir George's emotion stopped his farther speech. I was too much affected to say any thing to him, but took a hasty leave of Lady Sarah, in order to go to Mrs. Arnold.

As soon as I entered my friend's room, Cecilia, said she, if your countenance be as faithful an interpreter of your mind as it used to be, you have some thing disastrous to relate; you may say any thing, misfortune and I have been so familiar, I shall not shrink at its approach.

Sir George is returned, I replied, you will see him to-day.

Is he come alone, she asked? Alone, I replied. You but repeat my words, Cecilia, without adding any thing from yourself. Shall I interpret the meaning of that mournful echo? Mr. Faulkland no longer lives!

I was silent — Oh I knew him too well, said she, raising her voice with energy, to think he would survive this last blow.

His death was natural, said I, for any thing that appeared to the contrary. God
be

be praised for that, cried Mrs. Arnold! *If* so, I am satisfied that he is at peace.

She then enquired after Mr. Warner, and her brother, without making any farther mention of Mr. Faulkland.

Whilst we were in discourse, Master Faulkland ran into the room. He had been at play with the two little Miss Arnolds, who were in pursuit of him, and he flew to Mrs. Arnold to hide him. She folded him tenderly in her arms; then turning to me, look at this boy, said she, he is the perfect image of his father.

When am I to go to my papa, cried the child, as he hung round her neck? this innocent unexpected demand quite vanquished Mrs. Arnold's fortitude. She set him down without being able to answer his question, then said, Excuse me, my Cecilia, I would wish to be alone for to-day. It was not yet a season to administer consolation, and I withdrew.

She staid in London but two days after this; when, as she had before resolved, she retired to an estate in Buckinghamshire, which

which her kinsman had purchased and settled on her for ever.

With her brother's consent, she took Master Faulkland with her, and prevailed on Mr. Price to accompany her into the country, to whom she committed the care of the child's education.

Mr. Warner, whom she had acquainted by letter with her intention, approved of the step she had taken. He returned to England in about three weeks after her departure from her house in town, which she had left for his reception just as he had fitted it up for her.

Before I accompany Mrs. Arnold into her solitude, I shall just briefly mention some other persons who were connected with her story.

The relations of Mr. Faulkland, as he had foreseen, claimed his estate, and at length obtained it, the illegitimacy of the child being proved.

The wretched Mrs. Faulkland, abandoned and despised, returned to England; but as she was there hated and shunned by every one, she remained in obscurity for a few

years, and then died unpitied and unlamented.

I now return to Mrs. Arnold, who, settled in her quiet retreat in the country, it might be hoped would have passed the remainder of her days undisturbed by any new calamity.

That only source of true heroism of soul, religion, had all along supported, and prevented her from sinking under the most trying afflictions. Many and bitter were the sufferings she had already endured; but she was, to use her own words, *Set up as a mark*; and the deep afflictions that still pursued her, and clouded even her latter days with misfortunes, may serve to shew that it is not *here* that true virtue is to look for its reward. I saw her at a time when this reflection, as it had been her chief, so was it her last and only consolation.

Possessed as she was of an admirable understanding, and an enlarged mind, in the deepest solitude she had always resources of entertainment within herself. Her natural disposition ever sweet and complying, was improved by her sufferings into a patience very

very rare in woman; and a resignation imbibed at first from a rigid education, was heightened by religion into an almost saint-like meekness and humility.

I shall pass over the first ten years of her retirement, in which nothing material happened but the marriage of the amiable Patty Main to a gentleman of a large estate, and the death of her worthy kinsman Mr. Warner, who bequeathed her his whole fortune.

Miss Arnold, her eldest daughter, was now something more than fifteen, and fulfilled the promise her childhood gave, of her being a perfect beauty. Miss Cecilia was about a year younger, and though not so handsome as her sister, was accounted one of the finest young ladies of her time.

With what delight have I seen this excellent mother, while these two charming young creatures were all attention, relate to them the extraordinary and affecting incidents of her life.

This, said she, I do, not as a murmurer at my fate, nor to move your pity at my misfortunes, but to teach you by my example, that there is no situation in life exempt from

trouble. It found *me* under the tender care of the best of parents, it pursued me into my husband's house. In my virgin state, when I was a wife, and in my widowhood, I was equally persecuted.

Poverty, I once thought, would have exempted me from every ill, but what its own hand inflicted; and had it remained my companion, the bitterest misfortune of my life would have been prevented; for, if wealth had not accompanied my hand, the world could not have persuaded me to yield it to Mr. Faulkland.

Do not therefore pride yourselves on the great fortunes you are likely to possess: I have received no other satisfaction in mine, than what arose from the benefits I have conferred on others.

By such lessons as these, did this tender parent endeavour to fortify their young minds against the vicissitudes of fortune, and to teach them not to place their confidence in riches.

She dwelt so often upon this theme, that she seemed to have a pre-sentiment of those evils, which were now ready to pour in like a torrent upon her.

Gracious

Miss Sidney Bidulph.

Gracious Heaven! how inscrutable are thy ways! Her affluent fortune, the very circumstance which seemed to promise her, in the eve of life, some compensation for the miseries she had endured in her early days, now proved the source of new and dreadful calamities to her, which, by involving the unhappy daughters of an unhappy mother in scenes of the most exquisite distress, cut off from her even the last resource of hope in this life, and rendered the close of her history still more . . .

.....

Here the lady's narrative breaks off, and the editor, not having it in his power, after the most diligent enquiry, to recover any more of the manuscript, is, to his great mortification, compelled to offer this fragment.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.



